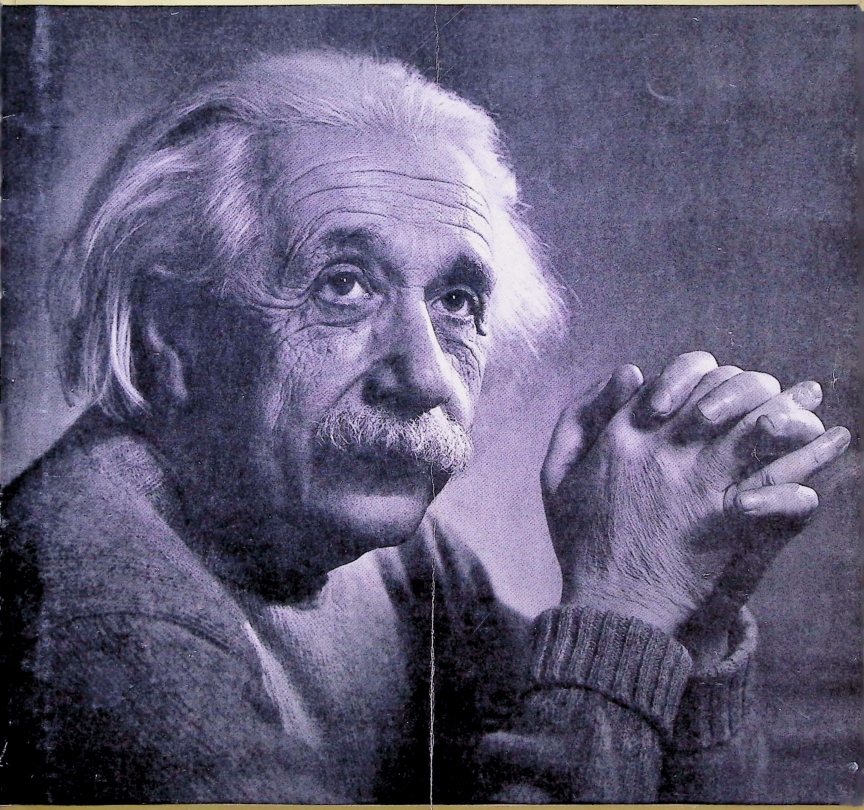
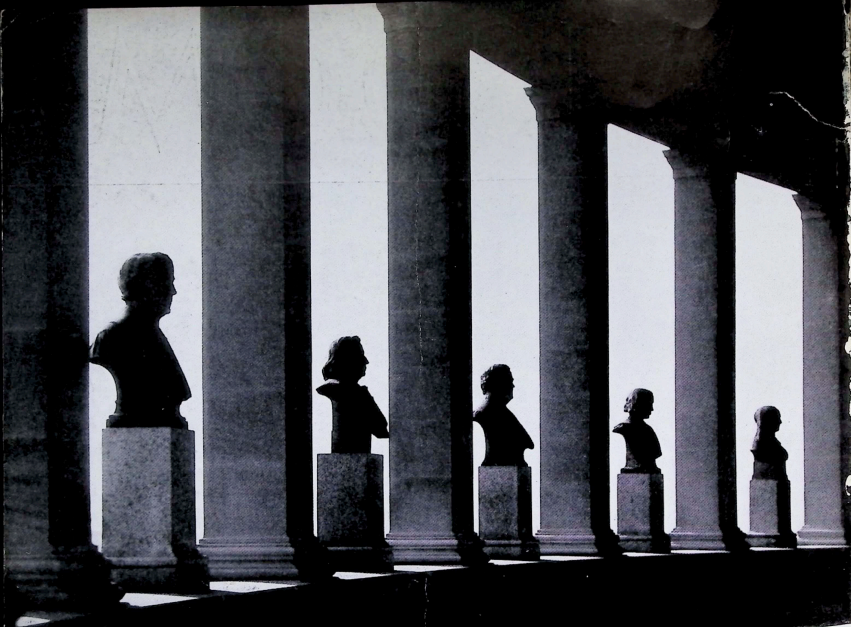
WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA



ALBERT EINSTEIN, portrait by Karsh

first edition | JANUARY 1956



DIOGENES

Make wisdom your provision for the journey from youth to old age, for it is a more certain support than all other possessions.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

Wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body.

ARISTOTLE

Learning is an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in adversity, and a provision in old age.

FRANKLIN

Life's tragedy is that we get old too soon and wise too late.

HUMPHREY

True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.

IBN GABIROL

Man is wise only during the time he searches for wisdom; when he imagines he has completely attained it, he is a fool.

WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA

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World famous portrait photographer Yousuf Karsh of Ottawa, Canada, is shown posing the late Albert Einstein for the WISDOM magazine cover picture.

Cover Design/JOHN WENTWORTH

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Through the long period of planning
and development during which WISDOM progressed from an idea
to the reality represented by this first issue, the editor
and publisher has been privileged to discuss the magazine and its
objectives with many distinguished American leaders.
Their counsel was invaluable and their encouragement was an inspiration.
This is to acknowledge with grateful appreciation
the great debt WISDOM owes these outstanding men and women.

In Appreciation

PAUL G. HOFFMAN

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

RALPH J. BUNCHE

BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN

RABBI MAURICE N. EISENDRATH

DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

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Editor, Look Magazine

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

MALCOLM MUIR
President, Newsweek Magazine

a word of welcome to our charter subscribers...

BERNARD M. BARUCH *discusses* ***WISDOM*** *magazine with the Editor and Publisher.*

HENRY R. LUCE, *Editor-in-Chief of Time, Life and Fortune magazines, extends best wishes to* **LEON GUTTERMAN,** *Editor and Publisher of* ***WISDOM.***

All things must come to a beginning — even in the editorial offices of WISDOM. As the date of this, our first issue, drew near, more and more of our Charter Subscribers had the same happy thought. Would it be possible, they asked, to make the initial issue wholly editorial and thus transform Volume I, Number 1, into a true collector's item? In response to this mounting tide of requests, the Editors decided to do just that. But we would feel remiss, indeed, if we did not add that this was made possible only by the cooperation of our national advertisers. They agreed — graciously and unanimously — to defer until later issues of WISDOM, advertisements originally scheduled for the first issue.

With this issue, you and WISDOM embark together on a glorious adventure unique in the annals of magazine publishing.

In the greatest mental and cultural renaissance of modern times, millions of American men and women, weary of the materialism which has dominated the world for so long, have turned aside to satisfy and gratify another basic hunger: the *hunger of the mind.* With steadily mounting national income — and a standard of living unparalleled in world history; with shorter work hours and longer leisure hours; with an all-time high in higher education — millions of intelligent Americans are taking advantage of every educational and cultural facility available on a scale never before equalled or even approached.

Since the vast majority are busy men and women, with only limited time for desired reading and study, it quickly became evident that their greatest need was a single source for the knowledge and information they wanted. WISDOM was created to fill this need.

WISDOM is the first magazine of its kind ever published. It is new, unique, original — unlike anything you have ever experienced before. It is designed for intelligent men and women of all ages who seek wisdom through knowledge. In words and pictures it brings you the Great Minds of all time — past and present — in every field of human thought and action. It reaches to all parts of the world for outstanding articles and pictures to bring you a clear, quick, full understanding of today's knowledge and achievements. If your time is limited but your interests are not — if you want to go on learning and gain more knowledge in less time — you will find WISDOM a rich and satisfying magazine.

Ideas are the essence of WISDOM. In its pages, man's greatest deeds and noblest thoughts come alive with warmth and clarity. They are given greater realism and new significance through dramatic, pictorial presentation.

In WISDOM the world's greatest authorities bring you — from the parade of the past to the panorama of the present — the timeless wisdom that can be applied to your everyday thinking. In WISDOM the authors speak for themselves and the readers think for themselves. You will find WISDOM as permanently satisfying as the pursuit of wisdom is endless.

The scope of WISDOM is unlimited. It is as broad as the span of centuries, as varied as the interests of man. Now, for the first time, the wisdom of the world is gathered, selected and presented for you in a single magazine With WISDOM your imagination is stimulated and your life becomes richer through your companionship with the travelers of the spirit and the pioneers of thought — from Shakespeare to psychosomatics, from Aristotle on ethics to Einstein on atoms.

Whatever your general or specialized interests may be, WISDOM brings you more information on more subjects than have ever been brought together in one magazine: in Art, Biography, Books, Business, Education, Government, History, Humor, Industry, Law, Literature, Medicine, Movies, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Press, Psychology, Religion, Science, Television, Theatre, Travel, World Affairs.

We have charted our course. Our only direction is forward — into the future. For the rest of your life each issue of WISDOM will be a perpetual source of reading enjoyment and inspiration. We believe that for you and for WISDOM, the glorious adventure will never end.

Leon Gutterman

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

LETTERS

An advance issue of WISDOM *was sent to leaders in business, education, religions and the professions all over America. Here are some of their opinions of this new magazine:*

Sir:

WISDOM is a delightful magazine and I hope very much you will be successful with it.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

WISDOM is so beautiful and arresting a publication that any commendation seems superfluous. It ranges with so much discrimination over the fields of human thought.

ADLAI E. STEVENSON
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:

WISDOM is a beautiful piece of work, and the contents are most interesting. You may be sure that I wish WISDOM every success.

DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

You are to be congratulated for making a reality of the dream you had of such a magazine. You have my best wishes for great success.

PAUL G. HOFFMAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sir:

To be able to compress between the covers of a single publication so distinguished an array of contributors is in itself an unusual distinction, and I congratulate you on this fine accomplishment.

DARRYL F. ZANUCK, Vice Pres.
Twentieth Century-Fox
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir:

I wish you much success.

RALPH J. BUNCHE
United Nations
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

WISDOM is a handsome piece of work. It will be welcomed by many people.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Hollywood, Calif.

Sir:

WISDOM has considerable appeal. The scope of subject matter is about as broad as it could be and the authors are very outstanding.

DAVID ROCKEFELLER, Vice Pres.
Chase Manhattan Bank
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

I think WISDOM is very exciting.

FAIRFAX M. CONE
Foote, Cone & Belding
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:

I would like to congratulate you on the advance issue of WISDOM. One of my friends to whom I showed it said that he was going to cancel his subscriptions to all other magazines and substitute WISDOM for them.

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS, Pres.
Fund for the Republic
Pasadena, Calif.

Sir:

I find WISDOM an editorial book of very great distinction. You are embarked upon a vast adventure, and I wish you well.

DANIEL A. POLING, Editor
Christian Herald Magazine
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

I very much enjoyed going through WISDOM.

GEN. OMAR N. BRADLEY
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

WISDOM is as beautiful as it is constructive. I have high hopes for its success.

EDDIE CANTOR
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir:

I congratulate you for a splendid job in launching this literary work, and I am much impressed with its format and editorial content.

DAVID SARNOFF, Bd. Chmn.
Radio Corporation of America
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

WISDOM is an inspiration from cover to cover.

HENRY L. BUCCELLO, Adv. Mgr.
Bank of America
San Francisco, Calif.

Sir:

WISDOM is very handsome.

ARTHUR H. SULZBERGER, Pub.
New York Times
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

You are presenting some of the best of the current thinking on many subjects of importance to every American. I hope that the objectives which you have in mind will be recognized by many, and that you will attain a quantity of circulation that will make WISDOM a real force in broadening America's understanding of the complicated world in which we now live.

MALCOLM MUIR, Pres.
Newsweek Magazine
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

WISDOM is very attractive in form and the articles which it contains are on important timely subjects.

SEN. HERBERT H. LEHMAN
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

WISDOM is an interesting and attractive looking publication.

BERNARD C. DUFFY
Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

I think WISDOM is superb. I know of no other magazine that covers the field you are endeavoring to explore.

JOHN L. MAGRO, Vice Pres.
Ruthrauff & Ryan, Inc.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sir:

I am sure that WISDOM is going to do a lot of good. I congratulate you and wish you success.

ADM. RICHARD E. BYRD
Boston, Mass.

Sir:

There is little question that WISDOM will prove to be a publication of great intellectual and cultural value. It is a most worthwhile venture.

PAUL H. WILLIS, Vice Pres.
The Carnation Company
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sir:

I am impressed by the great variety of the leaders you have been able to compress into one volume, and equally so by the diversification of editorial content, from scientific cardiograms to motion pictures.

EDWARD L. BERNAYS
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

You have certainly achieved a very noteworthy result in WISDOM.

HAROLD C. CASE, Pres.
Boston University
Boston, Mass.

Sir:

I congratulate you upon the advance copy and upon the entire concept of WISDOM. Its solid positive approach, the beauty of its language, the style of its format and the excellence of its illustrations assure its success.

ELMER BELT, M.D.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sir:

WISDOM is certainly a very unusual, high class magazine. I don't know when I have seen a publication so versatile and with such an outstanding and varied representation of contributors.

JOSEPH L. ECKHOUSE
Gimbel Brothers
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

WISDOM is very impressive and very rich. The range of subjects would be of interest to any thinking person. In my opinion, WISDOM has a marvelous foundation.

VAL E. DESMOND, Adv. Mgr.
Fashion Park, Inc.
Rochester, N.Y.

Many readers who sent in charter subscriptions to WISDOM *gave us their reasons for subscribing to a magazine they have never seen. Here is what some of them wrote:*

Sir:

Have a sincere interest in ideas expressed by those with ability. I am confident WISDOM can come up with thoughts which will be a guide in my life.

CHARLES FANNING
Fresno, Calif.

Sir:

. . . a new adventure in reading.

JOSEPH E. GORECKI
Bellwood, Ill.

Sir:

It is the type of publication which is dateless and issues may be saved for years to re-read again and again.

FRANCES H. HAHN
Lansdowne, Pa.

Sir:

It appears to have all subjects under one cover that would keep a reader well informed.

R. E. LEWIS
West Covina, Calif.

Sir:

I would like to learn something new every day of my life for as long as I live.

J. A. TENENZWEIG
Kew Gardens, N.Y.

Sir:

Believe it will offer material not commonly found in other magazines.

PAUL C. SOWERS
Ft. Defiance, Ariz.

Sir:

I thought it would be a rounded magazine that my oldest girl would enjoy.

MRS. JAMES MORTON
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Sir:

Would keep me in touch with fields of arts that I do not now have time to keep fully informed about.

R. C. GILLETT
Ballston Lake, N.Y.

Sir:

. . . a magazine offering a wide range of subjects well-written for the more discriminating reader.

DONALD W. GREEN
Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Sir:

The scope seems to offer a retreat from mere current events to a realm of subjects arousing more than concern for the immediate.

ROGER G. RULEWICH
New Haven, Conn.

Sir:

Hoping for a new source of developmental, entertaining reading matter, principally along light cultural lines. A magazine like yours is badly needed.

COURTLAND G. SMITH
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sir:

. . . a greater knowledge of the finer phases of life.

DAVID C. JANSON
Rexburg, Idaho

Sir:

I hope to find ideas in WISDOM which will be challenging. I hope to learn and expand my horizons.

MRS. A. H. SEARL
Hingham, Mass.

Sir:

I have little time for much but my babies and family. When I do sit down to read, I seek refreshment of my perspective; ideas and thoughts that will help me guide my family in a useful Christian life.

MRS. J. H. EDWARDS
Glendale, Calif.

WISDOM—The Key to Peace

by Dwight D. Eisenhower

Let us not define truth or knowledge of the truth solely in the narrow terms of mere fact or statistic or mathematical equation. Wisdom and human understanding—a sense of proportion—are essential. Knowledge can give us nuclear fission; only wisdom and understanding can assure its application to human betterment rather than to human destruction...

As we preach freedom to others, so we should practice it among ourselves. Then, strong in our own integrity, we will be continuing the Revolutionary march of the Founding Fathers.

As they roused in mankind the determination to win political freedom from dynastic tyranny, we can ignite in mankind the will to win intellectual freedom from the false propaganda and enforced ignorance of communist tyranny. Through knowledge and understanding, we will drive from the temple of freedom all who seek to establish over us thought control—whether they be agents of a foreign state or demagogues thirsty for personal power and public notice.

Truth can make men free! And where men are free to plan their lives, to govern themselves, to know the truth and to understand their fellowmen, we believe that there also is the will to live at peace.

Here, then, in spite of A-bombs, H-bombs, all the cruel destructiveness of modern war; in spite of terror, subversion, propaganda and bribery, we see the key to peace. That key is knowledge and understanding—and their constant use by men—everywhere.

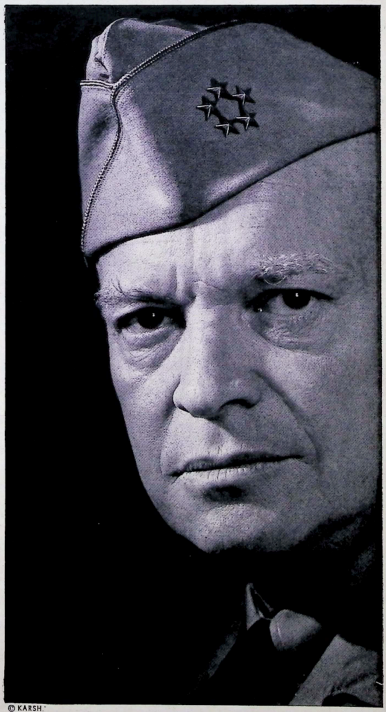
Today, of course, we must have infantry—and planes and ships and artillery. Only so can we be sure of a tomorrow and the opportunity to continue the mobilization of spiritual and intellectual energies. But there is no time to waste if truth is to win the war for the minds of men! Here is the unending mission of the university—indeed of every educational institution of the free world—to find and spread the truth!

We send professors, scholars and students out to the schools of the free world, to promote understanding of us even as they grow in knowledge and in understanding of others. This practice must be accelerated.

We find room in our schools for tens of thousands of young men and women from other lands who within the American community learn the truth about us and give understanding of their own people. This effort must be expanded...

"The prospect now before us in America," wrote John Adams in 1765, "ought to engage the attention of every man of learning to matters of power and of right, that we may be neither led nor driven blindfolded to irretrievable destruction... let every sluice of knowledge be opened and set aflowing."

I think it fitting to repeat John Adams' exhortation, confident that, prompted by reason and armored by faith, we shall speed the advance of knowledge and liberty on their hand-in-hand journey along the avenue of the ages... ♦



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ACKNOWLEDGING THE MEN AND WOMEN OF WISDOM

PRESIDENT DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER'S "Wisdom—Key To Peace" is from an address he delivered at Columbia University.

EDWIN B. FRED is president of the University of Wisconsin. "Pillars of Wisdom" is from one of his addresses.

DAVID SARNOFF, chairman of the board of Radio Corporation of America, is internationally renowned as a business executive, pioneer in electronics, expert on world affairs, humanitarian and patron of the arts. "A Changing World" is from an address.

DR. MAX SCHOEN, DR. HARRY SCHRICKEL, DR. VAN METER AMES are among the nation's leading educators. Dr. Schoen is at Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Dr. Schrickel is at the University of Nebraska, Department of Psychology; and Dr. Ames is at the University of Cincinnati, Department of Philosophy. Their collaboration produced the exceptionally lucid exposition, "Why Philosophy?," which is selected from "Understanding the World—An Introduction to Philosophy," ©1947 by Harper & Brothers, New York.

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM is one of the most brilliant, versatile and prolific writers of modern times. "The Writer's Life" is from "The Summing Up," ©1938 by Somerset Maugham, published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., New York.

HENRY FORD II, president of the Ford Motor Company and distinguished figure in national and international affairs, delivered the address from which "The U.S. and the U.N." was taken following his service as U.S. delegate to the United Nations Assembly.

MARCHETTE CHUTE is an authority on outstanding figures in English literature. "Shakespeare as Husband, Father, Actor" is from "Shakespeare of London," ©1949 by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.

HUGH R. HAWEIS, a celebrated clergyman of Edinburgh, Scotland, made the study of violins and violinists a life-long avocation. "Four Strings and a Soul" is from his "Old Violins," ©1905 by John Grant, Booksellers, Ltd., Edinburgh.

LEO C. ROSTEN, writer, editor, educator and expert in economics and political science, has written lighter works under the pseudonym "Leonard Q. Ross" which include "The Education of Hyman Kaplan." Under Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundation grants, he made an intensive and brilliant survey of the Hollywood film industry. "The Motion Picture Director" is condensed from "Hollywood: The Movie Colony, the Movie Makers," ©1941 by Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York.

DR. GEORGE R. HARRISON is Dean of the School of Science, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Most of his extensive writing is technical, but he is known for his popular "Atoms For Action" for laymen. "A Man Named Einstein" was selected by the editors of WISDOM from "Albert Einstein, Appraisal of an Intellect," ©1955 by the Atlantic Monthly Co., Boston.

ALBERT EINSTEIN reflects his personal philosophy in "My Credo," published in "Living Philosophers," ©1931 by Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York.

DR. RALPH BUNCHE, statesman and educator, has won international fame for his United Nations work. "The Answer Lies in Questions" is from an address to the National Education Association.

MARGUERITE CLARK is medical editor of Newsweek magazine. She has 21 years experience in medical writing. "Living With Your Heart" is taken from "Medicine On the March," ©1949 by Funk and Wagnalls, New York.

THOMAS CRAVEN is a former newspaperman turned author, lecturer, art critic and book reviewer. "Leonardo da Vinci" is from his "Men of Art," ©1931 by Thomas Craven, and published by Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE was one of the world's most popular writers on historical subjects at the turn of the century. "The Last Fight in the Coliseum" is from her Everyman Library volume "A Book of Golden Deeds."

FULTON OURSLER, editor of national magazines, author of mystery stories, turned to religious themes in the later years of his life. "The Bible" is selected by the editors of WISDOM from his "Book of Books" in "The Wonderful World of Books" ©1952 by Alfred Stefferud, published jointly by New American Library of World Literature, Inc., New York and Houghton-Mifflin Co., New York.

JOHN ERSKINE, one of America's most distinguished men of letters during the first half of the century, was a noted educator. He wrote 54 books, some of them best-sellers. "Don't Fear Great Books" is selected from "The Delight of Great Books," ©1928, 1935 by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., New York.

GEORGE BALANCHINE was trained as a dancer in his native Russia and became a noted choreographer. America has been his home since 1933. His work is best known through ballets he created for motion pictures. "Whirling Illusion" is selected from "The Dance Encyclopedia," ©1949 by A. S. Barnes and Co., New York.

CARL SANDBURG is one of America's leading poets, yet is probably best known for his great biography of Abraham Lincoln. "Strange Friend and Friendly Stranger" is from his "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years," ©1926 by Harcourt, Brace and Co., Inc., New York; renewed by Carl Sandburg.

PAUL A. WITTY, one of the nation's foremost psychologists in the field of child welfare and education, is Director of the Psycho-Education Clinic at Northwestern University. WISDOM editors selected "The Gifted Child" from his "Helping the Gifted Child" (Better Living Booklet series) ©1952, 1953 by Science Research Associates, Chicago.

HENRY THOMAS taught at Boston University, later was headmaster of Fairfax Hall Prep School. Since then he has devoted himself to writing and adult education. "The Drama of History" is chosen from "The Living World of Philosophy," ©1946 by The Blakiston Co., New York; by arrangement with Doubleday and Co., Inc., New York.

BERTRAND RUSSELL is probably as well-known as a philosopher in America as in his native England. He has held chairs of philosophy in several U. S. universities, is the author of 21 books, and won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1950. "Conquest of Happiness" is from his "The Conquest of Happiness," ©1930 by Horace Liveright, Inc., by arrangement with Liveright Publishing Corp., New York.

JOHN MASON BROWN has been noted as author, drama critic, reviewer, and authority on the theater for more than 30 years. He is one of America's most popular lecturers. "G. B. S.—Professional Genius" is selected from his book "As They Appear," ©1952 by McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., New York.

R. CORNELIUS RABY is a lawyer who became a teacher, then returned to the practice of law. His best known work is "Fifty Famous Trials," from which "The Trial of Socrates" was adapted, ©1932 by R. Cornelius Raby, published by Washington Law Book Co., Washington, D. C.

LIN YUTANG, who knows the West as intimately as the Orient, came from his native China for post-graduate work at Harvard, took his doctorate in Germany, returned to the U. S., headed the UNESCO department of arts and letters. "The Art of Living" is excerpted from "On the Wisdom of America," ©1950 by The John Day Co., Inc., New York.

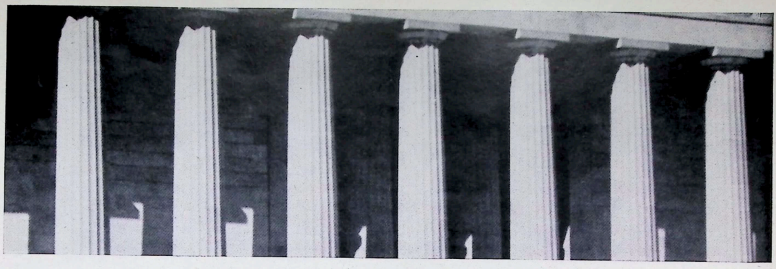
EDWARD A. MUSCHAMP told the fascinating story of America's greatest painter of birds in "Audacious Audubon," ©1929 by Coward-McCann, Inc., New York, from which "Audubon's Birds Had to Wait" was selected.

MOHANDAS K. GANDHI, for many years the most powerful leader of India's revolt against British rule, was one of the most controversial figures of the century. "Tolerance" is from an anthology of Gandhi's writings and speeches, edited by Ronald Duncan, ©1951 by Beacon Press, Boston.

DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE holds a high position among the leading clergymen of America. Through his inspirational books, his magazine, "Guideposts," and his radio and television programs, he commands a following of many millions. "The Secret of Personal Power" is drawn from "A Guide to Confident Living," ©1948 by Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York.

THEIR LAST WORDS were selected from "Dictionary of Last Words," compiled by Edward S. Le Comte, ©1955 by Philosophical Library, New York.

FAMOUS FIRSTS are condensed from "Famous First Facts," by Joseph Nathan Kane, ©1950 by the author and published by H. W. Wilson Co., New York.



PILLARS OF WISDOM

by Edwin B. Fred

The proverbs tell us that the house of wisdom has seven pillars.

In all humility, I would like to offer seven names for these Biblical pillars: Knowledge, Integrity, and Judgment; Imagination, and Courage; Tolerance, and Faith.

Wisdom is the goal of education; *knowledge* is the beginning of the way to that end... As William Cowper once said,

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

What knowledge is to the mind, *integrity*, my second pillar, is to the heart. Mankind is developing knowledge at an ever-accelerating rate. Are we matching that development with the broadening influence of moral soundness? There is a natural bridge between the two; it is truth.

Our current emphasis on investigation and exposure might be explained as a search for knowledge and truth. But the test is in its integrity. Do we seek the whole truth, in honest perspective? Integrity demands that knowledge be used with understanding...

Judgment, in our house of wisdom, is the application of knowledge with integrity and justice. It is the bounty a high sense of values brings to the search for truth. Judgment is our guide through the vast gray areas where neither black nor white is discernible. We are inclined to speak of truth as an absolute. Yet, each day, new knowledge forces us to discard what yesterday we thought was true.

The progress of mankind is built upon the continual reinterpretation of concepts which fail to meet the test of new-found facts. Yet, we must always have a firm foundation upon which to build into the future. Sound judgment leads to wise decisions. Judgment without wisdom is intolerable. Wisdom without judgment is impossible.

I have named the fourth pillar *imagination*, because I believe that great as is its power for guidance, knowledge of the past cannot by itself solve the problems of the present and the future. New ideas are the stepping stones to progress. The mind that is agile, that darts off in a new direction when the old avenues of approach lead nowhere, is the imaginative mind.

The past teaches much. Let us not forget its lessons. But let us use them as a base from which to soar into the vast, uncharted areas of man's ignorance. If knowledge furnishes us the building blocks of wisdom, it is imagination which makes possible their arrangement in such a way as to fashion a new structure, greater than ever before known.

And this venture into the unknown takes *courage*, my fifth pillar. Courage is not lack of fear. Courage is meeting fear with firmness and fortitude.

I am tempted to say that the times in which we live demand great courage. But that has always been true, and perhaps it always will be. In every era there are those who demand conformity. If they have power, they can make the independent thinker exceedingly uncomfortable. Indeed, there have been times when thought control has halted progress. Yet, these dark ages pass and freedom for new ideas returns when men of courage, dauntless in their pursuit of truth, again lead the world ahead.

Ours is not a dark age. Although there are areas of our world where thought is hampered by fear, and though there are some among us who constantly look backward, we live today in great freedom. This freedom will continue as long as we have courage to defend it.

Tolerance is my sixth pillar, and that takes courage, too. The intolerant man is often one who lacks the courage of his own convictions. For tolerance demands that all be heard and that competing ideas be tested, one against the other, so that the best, which might not always be our own, can prevail.

Tolerance is not only a matter of justice, but of self-protection. For knowledge is most complete and dependable when all points of view are heard. Tolerance is our shield against half-truths, and vague generalizations. Prejudice shutters the mind against the light of truth. Tolerance opens the mind and unleashes the strength of the democratic method.

My seventh, and perhaps strongest pillar of wisdom is *faith*.

... Faith in ourselves and in our fellow men,

... Faith in our country and our way of life,

... Faith in the triumph of good over evil,

... Faith in God and in a glorious future.

Does it sound out-of-place for a man who has devoted much of his life to a scientific search for facts to stress the strength of faith? Science may be built upon fact, but its architect is faith. Without faith, wisdom is unobtainable. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." But do not forget that "... faith without works is dead."

Faith and Tolerance; Courage and Imagination; Judgment, Integrity, and Knowledge – these I submit as seven pillars of the house of wisdom. ♦

YOUTH

by Samuel Ullman

Youth is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees. It is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. It is a freshness of the deep spring of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite of adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to the dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what next and the joy and the game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

OLD AGE

by Marcus Tullius Cicero

I am in my eighty-fourth year. As you see, old age has not quite enfeebled me or broken me down. The senate house does not miss my strength, nor the rostra, nor my friends, nor my clients, nor my guests. For I have never agreed to that old and much-praised proverb which advises you to become an old man early if you wish to be an old man long.

I for my part would rather be an old man for a shorter length of time than be an old man before I was one.

Life's racecourse is fixed. Nature has only a single path and that path is run but once and to each stage of existence has been allotted its own appropriate quality, so that the weakness of childhood, the impetuosity of youth, the seriousness of middle life, the maturity of old age—each bears some of nature's fruit which must be garnered in its own season. Each has something which ought to be enjoyed in its own time.

Exercise and temperance, even in old age, can preserve some remnant of our pristine vigor. We must make a stand against old age and its faults must be atoned for by activity. We must fight, as it were, against disease and in like manner against old age.

Regard must be paid to health. Moderate exercises must be adopted. So much of meat and drink must be taken that the strength may be recruited, not oppressed. Nor, indeed, must the body alone be supported, but the mind and the soul much more. For these also, unless you drop oil on them as on a lamp, are extinguished by old age. Our minds are rendered buoyant by exercise.

As I like a young man in whom there is something of the old, so I like an old man in whom there is something of the young, and he who follows this maxim will possibly be an old man in body, but he will never be an old man in mind.

Intelligence, reflection, and judgment reside in old men. Age, especially an honored old age, has so great authority that this is of more value than all the pleasures of youth.

Old age is the consummation of life, just as of a play. The harvest of old age is the recollection and abundance of blessings previously secured. To those who have not the means within themselves of a virtuous and happy life, every age is burdensome. ♦

A CHANGING WORLD

by David Sarnoff

The conventional approach to the subject of Youth in the world today is to apologize for the sins and failures of the preceding generation—then to congratulate Youth upon their chance to clean up the mess being handed to them.

I beg leave to break with the pattern. I cannot in good conscience admit that we have made a mess of things. On the contrary, I believe that the parents and grandparents of today's Youth, which is to say roughly my generation, have built a remarkably vital and promising world.

It is a world that holds plenty of problems and perils, but these are always part of the price of monumental achievements. Our failures, and they are many, for the most part spring from our successes. They reflect the growing pains of an extraordinary period in human history. Considering the handicaps under which we worked, we have not done so badly.

I was a boy of nine when the Twentieth Century dawned. By the accident of fate, at the age of fifteen, I was drawn into the unique field of radio—at once an art, a science and an industry. The fabulous growth and tremendous impact of radio and its numerous progeny, typify the far-reaching changes that have given the past five decades their special character.

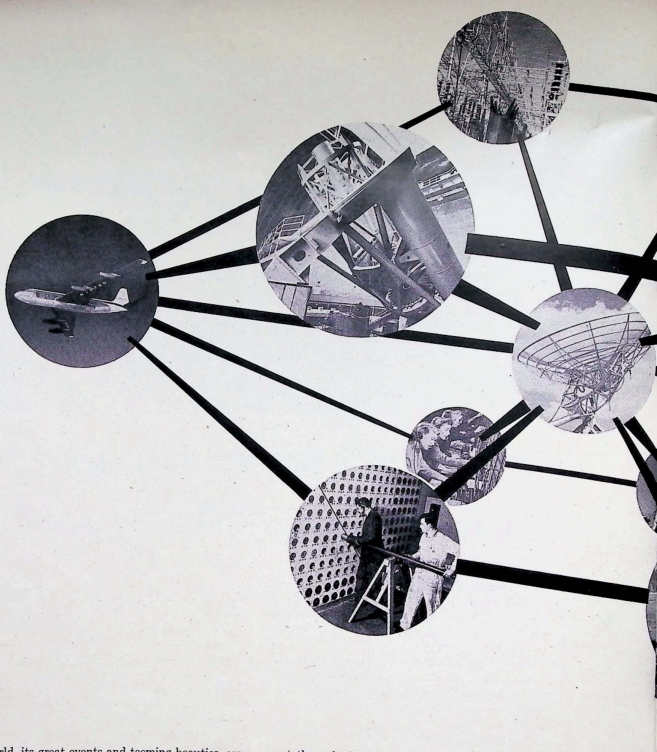
It has been a half-century that opened up thrilling continents of knowledge and vaulted horizons of power. Never before has man's physical environment been so radically and so rapidly modified. Those of us who have made some slight contribution to the record of the half-century are aware of the dangers implicit in our achievements. This awareness is in itself an indication that we have not forgotten the great guiding spiritual principles without which any segment of time is barren.

Those who have been born into this period, naturally, take for granted dimensions of life which at the turn of the century were barely discernible. When I was a boy, Edison's electric lamp was still a thing to marvel at and the great majority of Americans had not yet talked on a telephone. Motion pictures were still referred to, quite accurately, as "the flickers." The horseless carriage was a strange and not altogether welcome intruder on Dobbin's highways.

Space on the surface of the earth was measured not in hours, but in weeks, and space overhead was as inaccessible as the molten core of this spinning planet. Medicine and chemistry, biology and physics—as we see now in the perspective of time—were fumbling at the doors of their respective treasure-houses. Scientists were only beginning to wonder what possibilities for man's use, if any, were captive in the electron.

In comparison with today, man at the beginning of the present century, was deaf, dumb, blind, and earthbound. He could not speak, hear, or see beyond the horizon, or navigate through the air.

Since then, radio has extended our sense of hearing and carried our voice clear around the globe. Radar has plucked echoes from the moon. Television has projected our sense of sight across continents and soon it will span the oceans as well. Only recently the glorious panoply of full color has been added to this extended vision. Folk dances in the gorgeous colors of their costuming and setting, masterpieces of painting in far-off galleries, dramas written by great authors and played by great actors, have been brought into our living rooms. The sights and



sounds of the whole world, its great events and teeming beauties, are becoming accessible to almost anyone, anywhere.

In 1900 the age-old dream of flying through the air seemed nearly as remote as when Leonardo da Vinci was making his experiments. Only three years later, the Wright brothers lifted a motor-driven vehicle from the ground and mankind, at long last, had its wings.

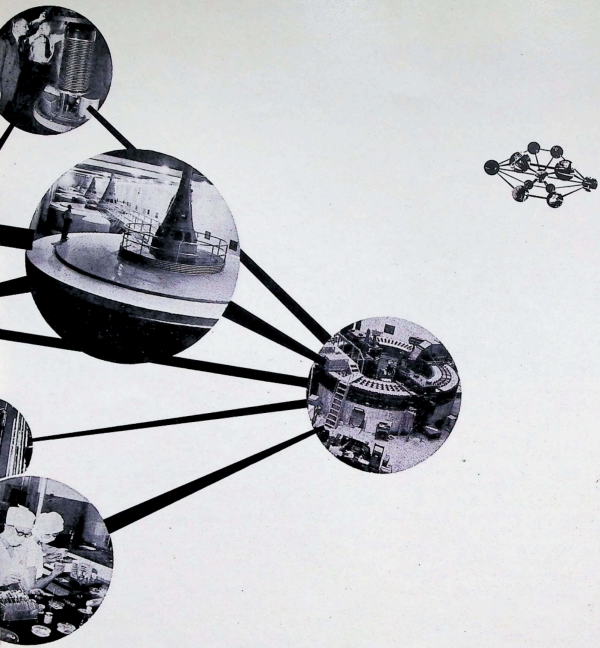
The same year a gasoline buggy made transportation history by crossing the American continent in seventy days. Several years later, the record was bettered by an airplane which made the journey in painful hops, in fifty-nine days. Now, jet planes cover the distance in less than four hours.

Only twenty-eight years ago a non-stop flight from New York to Paris gave America a new hero. Today we take a luxurious airliner to Europe or South America, to Africa or Asia, as nonchalantly as we used to take the horse-car to the suburbs. Flying at three hundred miles an hour is commonplace, and pilotless planes—guided missiles—cut through the emptiness above our atmosphere at five thousand miles an hour.

And while these things were happening, chemists were making the fantasies of the alchemists of old, seem trivial and unimaginative by contrast. They reduced matter to its basic ingredients and reshuffled them almost at will to pour out fabulous new substances, in synthetics, plastics, and drugs.

Among the most impressive accomplishments of the half-century has been the spectacular enlargement of food resources for the human race. Modern science and technology have so transformed farming in our country that already "The Man with the Hoe," the cliche of back-breaking toil, is fast disappearing.

Machinery, artificial fertilizers, triumphs in biology and horticulture are wringing long-hidden treasures from the ever-young earth. Even the oceans and the air are beginning to yield new harvests of sustenance for humankind.



At the same time advances in maintaining health and healing the sick have been truly spectacular. The physician, with the chemist at his side, has conserved and multiplied the most precious substance of all—human life.

In 1900, only one of twenty-five living Americans was sixty-five years or older; now it is one in thirteen—a one hundred percent increase in survival into the sixties and seventies. A child born at the beginning of the century could be expected to live an average of forty-nine years. Today it is sixty-eight years, and the terminal age is being constantly pushed forward, particularly through developments in antibiotics and preventive medicine.

The implications of this fact are startling. It means that the span of life has been widened almost fifty percent in the fifty years. And even that isn't the whole story. The extra nineteen years won for man, woman and child have been added to the period of maturity, when creative and productive forces have fullest play. It means many more years for achievement and enjoyment—in industry, the sciences, and the arts; in the worlds of matter and spirit alike.

Finally, the nuclear physicists and engineers have turned the key that unlocks the incalculable energies confined in the atom. Though born in war and baptized in destruction, those energies are already being harnessed to man's constructive purposes, for production and transport and healing.

My point is not that these wonders have transpired during my generation and have become part and parcel of our daily experience. It is that they have come like an avalanche, in so short a time. To understand the world they inherit, Youth should consider not only the number of these changes, but the tempo—the unexampled speed with which they came.

Hardly had mankind gotten over the shock of one tremendous discovery when it was staggered by another and usually bigger one. Small wonder, therefore, that we have been bewildered and a little

scared. The terrific acceleration of life has subjected us to immense strains, which at times seemed almost intolerable. We are most acutely conscious of this just now in our reactions to atomic energy.

The inability of man as a social and economic creature to keep step with his science—that is the crux of his dilemma today. He is mature technologically while still an adolescent spiritually. Physical distances have shrunk, but the distances between the hearts of men and of nations are wide as ever. This is the primary challenge that awaits Youth in the world; by this its generation and those that follow will be judged.

Having conquered nature, man faces the task of conquering himself. We tend to be frightened by our own handiwork. But this, surely does not mean that we should reject that handiwork, even if it were within our power to do so.

Our choice—more exactly, the choice of Youth—is between accepting the challenge or allowing themselves to be crushed by it. That choice is what makes this a time for courage and for leadership. We have no excuse for defeatism in the face of science. We have no warrant for despair. In the electronic and atomic age, man's hunger for freedom and social justice, for beauty and inner grace, is as keen as ever. There is no cause for jitters as long as we hold fast to the certainty that material progress is not an end in itself but a means to a fuller, nobler, more satisfying life. The job ahead is to assimilate the scientific progress, to turn every potential for human benefit into a living reality.

The heritage of Youth today is replete with the most exhilarating opportunities given to any generation. Great as this half-century has been, it will, I feel sure, soon seem only a prelude to greatness still in the womb of time. My generation has only reconnoitered the frontiers. In nearly fifty years in radio and electronics, I do not recall a five-year segment without a major change. Looking back, I know that the experience has been so exciting and satisfying not despite, but because of its crowding changes and challenges from unpredictable directions.

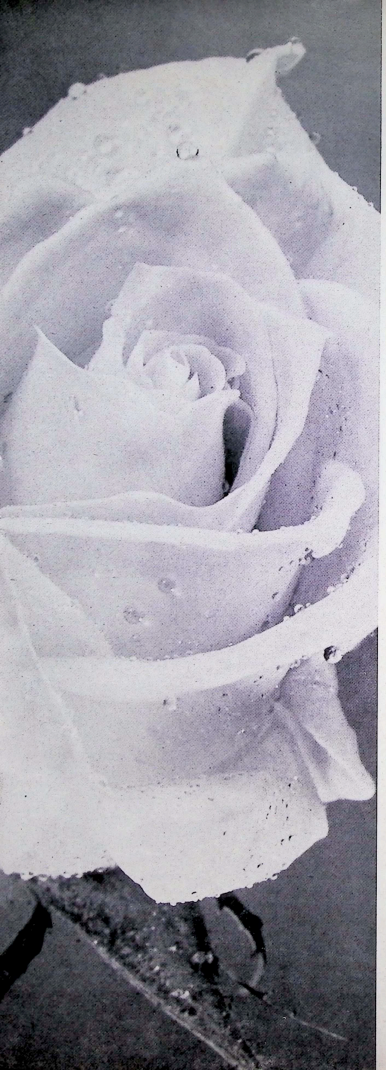
In this fast changing world the pattern of living has become highly intricate, with each man's destiny meshed more closely than in the past, with the destiny of his fellowmen. Everyone's survival depends literally upon the survival of his neighbors. An active interest in community problems, participation in civic life, once moral luxuries for the few, are today clear necessities for all.

Beyond this, if Youth is to deserve its birthright of freedom, it must be prepared to cultivate and defend it. We dare not shut our minds to the truth that our civilization is being menaced by a strong and fanatic enemy. He is determined and tireless, working day and night to encompass the annihilation of the things we most cherish.

We cannot banish dangers, but we can banish fears. We must not demean life by standing in awe of death. I do not doubt that we shall win in the deepening struggle between liberty and enslavement; that we can emerge better and stronger from the contest. Indeed, we could lose only by default—and Youth must make certain that it does not default.

Because of these urgent realities, the need for able and courageous leaders in every area of our national life is pressing. There is less time than there used to be for Youth to dawdle and postpone the plunge into responsible affairs.

To light the way, Youth can acquire a body of knowledge. But knowledge is not enough, unless it leads to understanding, and in turn to wisdom. And wisdom implies an appreciation of the basic laws of nature and of man's behavior. It calls for patience to select or develop the best means to achieve the best possible results. Youth today must accept the fact that the only certainty in life is change—and then they will be in a better position to assimilate change without mental indigestion and moral confusion. In this universe of endless wonders, the most wondrous is the human mind capable of delving so deep, and the heart aware of depths we can never plumb. ♦



Beauty in poetry

by Percy Bysshe Shelley

Poetry is indeed something divine. It is at once the center and circumference of knowledge. It is that which comprehends all science and that to which all science must be referred. It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought. It is that from which all spring and that which adorns all and that which, if blighted, denies the fruit and the seed and withholds from the barren world the nourishment and the succession of the scions of the tree of life.

It is the perfect and consummate surface and bloom of all things. It is as the odor and the color of the rose to the texture of the elements which compose it, as the form and splendor of unfaded beauty to the secrets of anatomy and corruption.

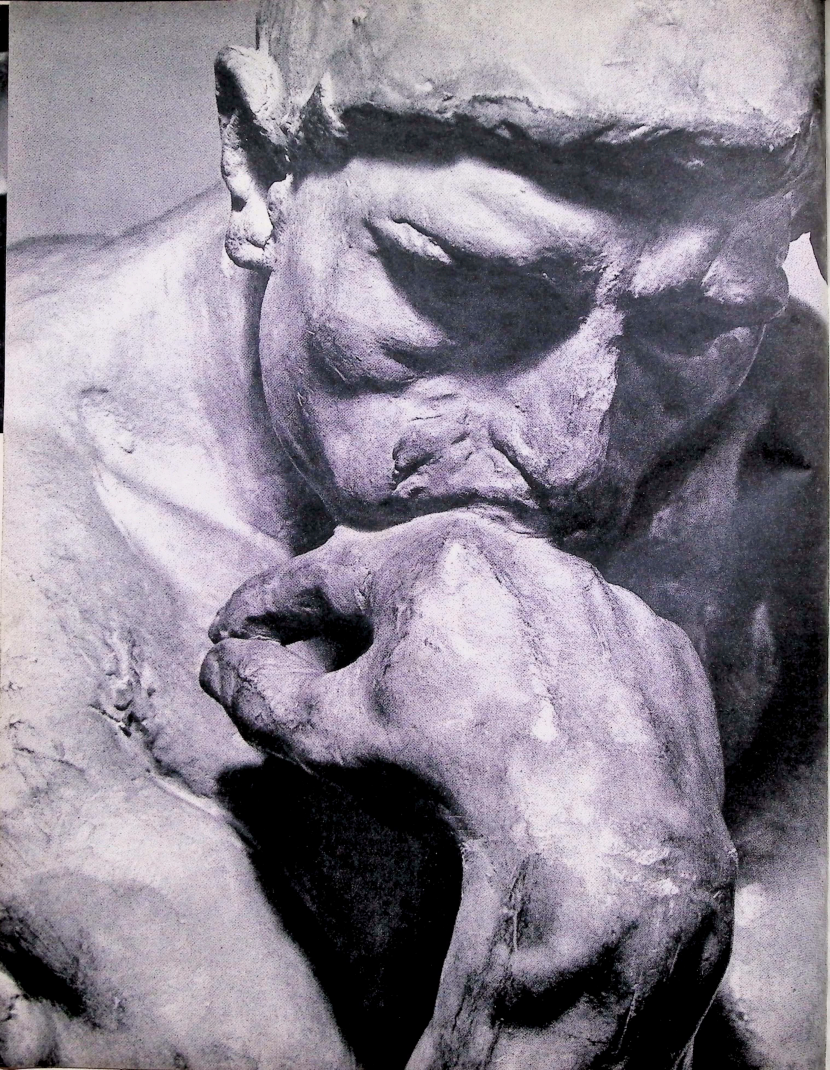
What were virtue, love, patriotism, friendship – what were the scenery of this beautiful universe which we inhabit; what were our consolations on this side of the grave – and what were our aspirations beyond it, if poetry did not ascend to bring light and fire from those eternal regions where the owl-winged faculty of calculation dare not ever soar?

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and feeling sometimes associated with place or persons, sometimes regarding our own mind alone and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression: so that even in the desire and the regret they leave, there cannot but be pleasure, participating as in the nature of its object.

It is, as it were, the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the coming calm erases, and whose traces remain only as on the wrinkled sands which pave it.

Poetry turns all things to loveliness. It exalts the beauty of that which is most beautiful and it adds beauty to that which is most deformed. It marries exultation and horror, grief and pleasure, eternity and change. It subdues to union under its light yoke all irreconcilable things.

It transmutes all that it touches and every form moving within the radiance of its presence is changed by wondrous sympathy to an incarnation of the spirit which it breathes. Its secret alchemy turns to potable gold the poisonous waters which flow from death through life. It strips the veil of familiarity from the world, and lays bare the naked and sleeping beauty, which is the spirit of its forms. ♦



"TO HAVE PHILOSOPHY
THERE MUST BE PHILOSOPHERS,
BUT THEY ARE OF LITTLE USE
UNLESS OTHER MEN
SHARE THEIR VISION WITH THEM."

WHY PHILOSOPHY?

by Max Schoen, H. G. Schrickel and Van Meter Ames

The word philosophy means love of wisdom, and wisdom consists in the use of knowledge for the guidance of life. Philosophy is the all-embracing name for the knowledge men have found and are still seeking about their environment and themselves, in order to live more freely and fully.

Men want not only to share and enjoy the world but to understand what is involved in sharing and enjoying. The more problems they can solve the more they will tackle – going from those which are pressing to others that challenge the imagination only human beings have. Jumping ahead to more and more remote problems, they come to what it means to be thinking beyond the immediate need of thinking. This is philosophy: the reach of thought beyond the foreground of life situations, in the effort to understand all time and existence, and that effort itself.

The basic fact of life is self-preservation through knowledge, in the most general sense. The significant difference between human and sub-human life is that man possesses in a larger measure and a higher degree what he has in common with every other organism as an experiencing and learning being.

Every animal is different from the rest of its kind, but only men are able to become fully aware of their individuality. Only a man can know himself as a self. The capacity of each man to be a self, and the self-knowledge essential to being one, is crucial in the world as known by men, as shared and enjoyed by them.

Self-knowledge enables man to know the private world of his life in addition to the outer world. This gives him power over himself by providing him with power over his thoughts, feelings, and appetites. That is, through self-knowledge he becomes self-controlled, able to emancipate himself from the pressure of outer conditions by mastering the proddings of inner compulsions.

This partial independence enables the individual to reflect upon a situation, and to entertain suggestions for controlling or changing it, not only by himself but in cooperation with other men.

This freedom is derived largely from retention of the past for use as a lever on the present. Men are what they have done and undergone, the same as any form of life, but men can stand off from a situation, and from themselves in the midst of it, take stock, and change their own circumstances.

Progress depends not so much upon the human power of recall by itself as upon the ability to take what is kept from the past and subject it to critical examination or interpretation.

Systematic examination and direction of life not only has enabled man to gain more control of the outer world than any other living form begins to have, but has helped him to know himself and to use that knowledge for self-improvement. By studying himself physically he has succeeded in prolonging the years of his life, in wiping out some ailments that once laid him low, and in reducing the ravages of many others. By studying himself individually he can learn to face personal shortcomings and failures, to distinguish true hopes from false desires, real strength from weakness, and thus prepare to make himself a better man.

In their way all animals are doing things, making things, going forward in their careers. They build dams, webs, nests; they carry out campaigns. But their achievements are invariably means to obvious and fixed ends. Their work is mostly subservient to survival.

Man, on the other hand, is able to take a self-conscious interest in how his work is done – developing and varying it to enhance the pleasure of it, aside from caring about its practical end. Man does some things wholly for absorption in doing them, and for what seems to be the exclusively human joy of contemplating the finished product.

What the musician or poet or other artist does in his art may help him to earn a living, but that is incidental to his art as such. The mere need to make a living does not of itself make art, though it may modify art. Nor does the enjoyer of art come to it for any so-called practical reason but for the love of it. The point is that art is done and admired for deeper reasons than men are ready to give for doing most of the work they have to do, or for accepting entertainment of ordinary significance.

Whereas man labors in order to live *by* what he produces, he also works in a way enabling him to live *in* what he makes. When he welcomes the work he is doing and keeps at it because of the intrinsic importance the process and product have for him, he can enjoy living while he is working. Then he is fully alive and awake to the value of being alive, as only a self-conscious self can be, and then only when the possibilities of its life are freely and cooperatively cultivated. So he has developed the arts with as much seriousness as he has conceived science, technology, religion, and morality.

To bring together these vitally significant activities into one comprehensible, coherent whole he increases the self-consciousness, criticism, and ever-wider generality of his thinking to their greatest attainments in philosophy.

Philosophical thinking is, then, man's technique for discovering and understanding the over-all significance of the special meanings he finds in knowing, sharing, and enjoying the world. ♦

The Writer's Life

by Somerset Maugham

I am a writer as I might have been a doctor or a lawyer. It is so pleasant a profession that it is not surprising if a vast number of persons adopt it who have no qualifications for it. It is exciting and various. The writer is free to work in whatever place and at whatever time he chooses; he is free to idle if he feels ill or dispirited. But it is a profession that has disadvantages.

One is that though the whole world, with everyone in it and all its sights and events, is your material, you yourself can only deal with what corresponds to some secret spring in your own nature. The mine is incalculably rich, but each one of us can get from it only a definite amount of ore. Thus in the midst of plenty the writer may starve to death. His material fails him and we say that he has written himself out. I think there are few writers who are not haunted by the fear of this.

Another disadvantage is that the professional writer must please. Unless a sufficient number of persons can be found to read him he will starve. Sometimes the stress of circumstances is too great for him and with rage in his heart he yields to the demand of the public. One must not expect too much of human nature and an occasional potboiler may be accepted from him with lenity. The writers who are in independent circumstances should sympathize with, rather than sneer at, those of their brethren whom hard necessity sometimes forces to do hack work.

One of the minor sages of Chelsea has remarked that the writer who wrote for money did not write for him. He has said a good many wise things (as indeed a sage should) but this was a very silly one; for the reader has nothing to do with the motive for which the author writes. He is only concerned with the result. Many writers need the spur of necessity to write at all (Samuel Johnson was one of them), but they do not write for money. It would be foolish of them if they did, for there are few avocations in which with equal ability and industry you cannot earn more money than by writing.

The writer's books will not be read unless on the whole they interest his readers. Yet there is in writers a feeling that the public ought to like what they write and if their books do not sell the fault is not

with them but with the public. I have never met an author who admitted that people did not buy his book because it was dull.

There are many instances of artists whose work for long has been little appreciated and who yet in the end achieved fame. We do not, however, hear of those whose work has continued to be ignored. Their number is far greater.

The technique of writing is no less difficult than that of the other arts and yet, because he can read and write a letter, there is a notion that anyone can write well enough to write a book. Writing seems now the favorite relaxation of the human race. Whole families will take to it as in happier times they entered religious houses. Women will write novels to while away their pregnancies; retired business and professional men and army officers fly to the pen as one might fly to the bottle.

There is an impression abroad that everyone has it in him to write a book; but if by this is implied a good book the impression is false. It is true that the amateur may sometimes produce a work of merit. By a lucky chance he may have a natural facility for writing well, he may have had experiences that are in themselves interesting, or he may have a charming or quaint personality that his very inexpertness helps him to get down on the printed page. But let him remember that the saying asserts only that everyone has it in him to write one book; it says nothing about a second. The amateur is wise not to try his luck again. His next book is pretty sure to be worthless.

One of the great differences between the amateur and the professional is that the latter has the capacity to progress. The literature of a country is made not by a few excellent books, I repeat, but by a great body of work, and this can only be produced by professional writers. A body of work is the result of long-continued and resolute effort. The author, like other men, learns by the method of trial and error. His early works are tentative; he tries his hand at various subjects and various methods and at the same time develops his character. By a simultaneous process he discovers himself, which is what he has to give, and learns how to display this discovery to the best advantage. Then, in full possession of his faculties, he produces

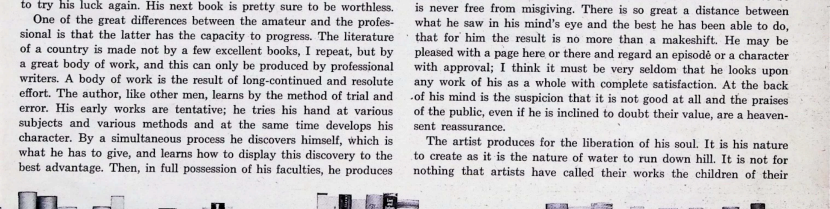
Success besides often bears within itself the seed of destruction for it may very well cut the author off from the material that was its occasion. He enters a new world. He is made much of. He must be almost super-human if he is not captivated by the notice taken of him by the great and remains insensible to the attentions of beautiful women. He becomes used to another way of life, probably more luxurious than that to which he has been accustomed, and to people who have more of the social graces than those with whom he has consorted before. They are more intellectual and their superficial brilliance is engaging.

How difficult it is for him then to move freely still in the circles with which he has been familiar and which have given him his subjects! The new world into which his success has brought him excites his imagination and he writes about it; but he sees it from the outside and can never so penetrate it as to become a part of it.

The writer is wise then who is wary of success. He must look with dread on the claims that others make on him because of it, the responsibilities it forces on him, and the hindering activities that it brings in its wake. It can only give him two good things: one, the more important by far, is the freedom to follow his own bent; the other is confidence in himself.

Notwithstanding his pretension and his susceptible vanity, the author when he compares his work with what he intended it to be is never free from misgiving. There is so great a distance between what he saw in his mind's eye and the best he has been able to do, that for him the result is no more than a makeshift. He may be pleased with a page here or there and regard an episodė or a character with approval; I think it must be very seldom that he looks upon any work of his as a whole with complete satisfaction. At the back of his mind is the suspicion that it is not good at all and the praises of the public, even if he is inclined to doubt their value, are a heavensent reassurance.

The artist produces for the liberation of his soul. It is his nature to create as it is the nature of water to run down hill. It is not for nothing that artists have called their works the children of their



the best of which he is capable.

It is evident that no professional writer can afford to write only when he feels like it. If he waits till he is in the mood, till he has the inspiration, as he says, he waits indefinitely and ends by producing little or nothing. The professional writer creates the mood. He has his inspiration too, but he controls or subdues it to his bidding by setting himself regular hours of work. Every production of an artist should be the expression of an adventure of his soul.

But the greatest danger that besets the professional author is one that unfortunately only a few have to guard against. Success. It is the most difficult thing the writer has to cope with. When after a long and bitter struggle he has at last achieved it, he finds that it spreads a snare to entangle and destroy him. Few of us have the determination to avoid its perils. It must be dealt with warily. It may very well deprive him of that force which has brought him success. His individuality has been formed by his experiences – his struggles, his frustrated hopes, his efforts to adapt himself to a hostile world. It must be very stubborn if it is not modified by the softening influences of success.

brains and likened the pains of production to the pains of childbirth.

The disadvantages and dangers of the author's calling are offset by an advantage so great as to make all its difficulties, disappointments, and maybe hardships, unimportant. It gives him spiritual freedom. Everything is grist to his mill, from the glimpse of a face in the street to a war that convulses the civilized world, from the scent of a rose to the death of a friend. Nothing befalls him that he cannot transmute into a stanza, a song or a story, and having done this be rid of it. The artist is the only free man.

Perhaps that is why the world on the whole has had a profound suspicion of him. It is not sure that he can be trusted when he reacts to the common impulses of men so unaccountably. And indeed the artist, to the indignation of mankind, has never felt bound by ordinary standards. Why should he? His attitude to life can never be the same as that of others. He creates his own values.

Men think him cynical because he does not attach importance to the virtues and is not revolted by the vices that move them. Of course common men are quite right to be indignant with him. But that isn't going to do him any good. He is incorrigible. ♦

The U. N. and the U. S.

by Henry Ford II

When I took the U.N. assignment, I was skeptical about the value of the United Nations. From what I read in the papers, the U. N. seemed to be a place where an awful lot of talking went on but nothing much got done – and I, for one, somehow expected a lot more.

My views have changed considerably. I have a feeling that too many of us have expected too much too quickly from the United Nations.

The United Nations is not a superstate and it cannot – nor should it attempt to – do the things which only a superstate might be able to do. But it is a great world forum in which dangerous issues can be forced out into the open light of world opinion, and the real pressure of world opinion can be brought upon nations to talk out – rather than fight out – their differences.

On several occasions the U.N. has prevented the outbreak of armed fighting; on others it has stopped fights in progress; and on still others it has confined hostilities and kept them from spreading into a global conflict. We should remember that the techniques for doing these things are still new.

Had there been no U.N., the world might even now be locked in atomic war. And, at the very least, it's probable that millions more of the world's people – many of them Americans, perhaps – would have died violently in the past nine years.

The fact that such a forum does exist has kept alive the spark of human liberty in many parts of the world where otherwise it would have flickered out. Perhaps we Americans are not very happy about the present state of affairs in the world – as we see it from here. But without the United Nations, our position might be much more lonely and precarious than it now is.

Although this performance justifies many times over our support, the United Nations holds even greater promise as a means of mobilizing free nations to the task of peaceful world development.

I would like you to put yourselves for a moment in the place of a delegate to the U.N.

One of the really rewarding experiences you have – it seems to me – comes from working closely with people of as many as 60 different nationalities. You spend hours every day sitting and talking with people – delegates and their staffs – in committee, in the delegates' lounge, in the dining room. Through a little plastic headphone you listen to hours of speeches and endless haggling over technicalities until you get a sweaty ear. It's quite a contrast to the usual business conference, where things get done with a minimum of fuss and bother.

But gradually you become aware that something is getting done – something not only important but exciting. Hundreds of people of different races, creeds, and languages, of different political and economic outlook, are working doggedly in a dedicated effort to achieve just one goal – to advance peace and international understanding, if only a hair's breadth.

If you keep your eyes and ears open, you also begin to get a rather revealing picture of how the United States of America appears to others. That picture – whether fair or false – is valuable to us. At the least, it can help us to find out where we stand in the eyes of the nations of the world. And next, by listening to these diverse views, it will make us look at ourselves objectively and decide what it is we really do want to stand for.

I found, for example, that many of our foreign friends feel we're too hipped on the idea that we have the right and duty to assume moral and spiritual leadership of the free world. It's the sort of idea that suggests that because we're strong and richer than most nations, we think we are also wiser and better and even more cultured. If

we do feel that way, perhaps we ought to keep that feeling strictly to ourselves.

They also think we have a passion for popularity. We feel hurt, they say, when people don't respond to our generosity with an immediate and unmistakable show of gratitude. An old proverb tells us there's no better way to make a man resent you than by putting him in your debt. The foreigner may agree that the goals of our foreign policy are generous enough – but he suspects they are not solely generous. He feels that when we spend money abroad, we do it for good practical reasons, and that we shouldn't expect more than ordinary thanks.

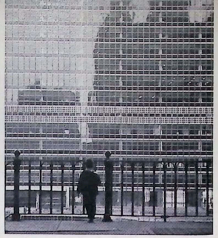
In the eyes of many foreigners, we also seem to view the struggle with communism as a total ideological conflict – an all-or-nothing struggle – rather than as a complex situation in which progress may be made piecemeal on many fronts without bringing about a world crisis. Many nations can't help but feel that they might be crushed in the working out of the total conflict that we keep talking about.

A much more serious criticism is directed against the general character of our foreign policy. There is a feeling that up to now, the United States has been rather negative and defensive in its outlook.

To take a specific example, I recently saw published in a French magazine a nationwide survey of French public opinion about America. It showed that the French people have, in general, a friendly and favorable attitude toward us, but they believe that the dominant tone of American policy is fear and hatred of communism. A large majority, about 64 percent, agreed with this statement: The Americans are over-hypnotized by their hatred of communism.

It's my impression that this feeling is shared in general by most foreign nations. It reflects what foreigners read about us in their newspapers and magazines, and hear over their radios. Three things generally seem to stand out in sharp relief, as they look at us.

First is the view that we have been so preoccupied with military defense that we are overlooking the more positive approaches to peace – in effect, that we are prepared to spend billions for defense



against Soviet Russia, but only pennies for world progress.

Second is the feeling that the present economy-in-government drive – something which I happen to favor very strongly – has been taken over by an isolationist wrecking crew, which runs under the slogan: No trade, no aid, no cooperation, no nothing.

Third is what many peoples regard as an overeager, blunderbuss pursuit of the Reds and a rather hysterical attack upon freedom of thought. Apparently the world sees us as a great giant peering nervously under his bed – and occasionally bashing with a huge cudgel, a small and frightened mouse.

So far, I have perhaps painted an overly black picture of where we stand in the eyes of the world. But that picture may help us see what we should – and I believe do – want to stand for.

It seems to me that we want to stand for steadfastness and courage and constructive imagination in our approach to world problems. We relate those qualities to strength in a man. We relate the qualities of fear and hatred and negative thinking to weakness. And so, if we want our influence in the world to be as strong as it should be, we need only to think and act as befits our strength. ♦

SHAKESPEARE

by Marchette Chute

as a husband and father

On November 27, 1582, William Shakespeare, then 18, took out a license to marry Anne Hathaway. Not only was he a minor and in no position to support a family, but his bride was eight years older than he was—and three months pregnant.

Young Shakespeare's marriage may have been ill-advised, but there is no special reason to believe that his fellow townsmen considered it scandalous. Anne Hathaway came of an almost stiffly respectable background and it is not likely that a woman of twenty-six found herself caught in a casual liaison and had to demand marriage to protect herself. Nor is it necessary to believe that she trapped an impressionable young man into marriage by seducing him. A more probable explanation is that they had what was known as a pre-contract and that Anne Hathaway felt free to behave as a married woman before the actual ceremony.

A pre-contract was taken very seriously by Elizabethan church law and was nearly as binding as the actual ceremony. If Shakespeare had a pre-contract with Anne and then had married someone else, his marriage would have been in a sense bigamous and could have been declared void by the Ecclesiastical Court; and if he had refused to marry after a pre-contract he could have been excommunicated. Shakespeare's aunt, Agnes Arden, evidently had a pre-contract with her future husband, for when Robert Arden made his will in July he spoke of her as the wife of Thomas Stringer, and Agnes did not actually marry Thomas Stringer until the following October.

The normal way to get married in Stratford parish was to have the banns proclaimed three separate Sundays or holydays in the church, so that if there were any objections to the marriage they could be brought forward. If for any reason the banns could not be published, the only alternative was to get a special license from the episcopal court at Worcester and have someone post a bond to indemnify the court if any objections to the marriage were made later. In the case of Shakespeare's marriage this bond was posted by two Shottery farmers named John Richardson and Fulke Sandells, both friends of Anne's father.

Marriages of this kind were an extra expense, but there might be various reasons why the banns could not be published and a special license was therefore required. As a bishop remarked at the end of the century: "License to marry according to the form set down without banns, are no cause to disordered marriage, but rather the contrary." An allegation normally accompanied the request for a license, explaining why the banns could not be published, but none of these allegations is extant for Worcester diocese before 1600, and the one Shakespeare entered has been lost with the rest. In his case the most probable reason why the banns could not be published was that the decision to marry was sudden and there was not time to post the banns before Advent. Between Advent and the octave of the Epiphany was a period known as "prohibited season" during which no marriages could take place, and unless William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway wanted to wait until the middle of January the only alternative was to go to the expense of a license.

The regular form was used and the matter was handled in Worcester Consistory Court as part of the ordinary routine of what happened to be an extremely busy day. The clerk made an error, as clerks sometimes do, and wrote down the bride's name as "Whateley," but her name appears with reasonable correctness in the bond, where Shakespeare's name is spelled "Shagspere." It is not known in what church the marriage took place, except that it was somewhere in Worcester diocese, which included parts of Warwickshire, and that it was not in the parish church of the Holy Trinity in Stratford.

The groom's father, John Shakespeare, gave his consent to the marriage, since otherwise the license would not have been issued. A minor could not have been married in the diocese unless the father or guardian had given his approval. But John Shakespeare might have felt justified in disapproving of his son's marriage or at least feeling doubtful of its wisdom. William Shakespeare was only eighteen and had apparently not settled down to any business.

It was the custom in Stratford for the eldest son to bring his bride back to his father's house, and it is likely that Shakespeare did so. His father's property was especially suited to house an extra family, for the middle house had a wing at the back which had its own private entryway, back parlor and kitchen, with its own stairway leading to the second floor.

It was probably in the middle house that the child was born in the following May. It was not the son for whom John Shakespeare must have been hoping. It was a little girl and on Trinity Sunday, 1583, she was christened Susanna.

When William Shakespeare's little girl was baptised on the 26th of May she was the third child that spring who had been given the name of Susanna. It was not a familiar name in Stratford but it was one much favored by the Puritans, following the definite Puritan prescription that children should be given Scriptural names.

If Anne Hathaway had been brought up as a Puritan, that fact alone would constitute a full explanation of the estrangement that evidently arose a few years later between herself and her husband. There were doubtless many people in Stratford who were at least mildly shocked to hear that the son of a reputable man like John Shakespeare had gone into the acting profession, for many people felt that acting was respectable only when it was done by amateurs

who spoke in Latin and that professional actors were little more than tinselled vagabonds. This casual contempt for actors was not shared by the Puritans, who attacked the actors as an actual threat to salvation. It was well known that through their plays they persuaded men and women into the "filthy lusts of wicked whoredom," and even a visitation of the plague could be explained as God's anger against the people for letting so great an evil as theatres exist in their midst.

It would perhaps be exaggerating to say that it was a tragedy for a Puritan to be married to an actor; but it is not exaggerating to say that it created an insupportable household situation.

If the situation in the Shakespeare household had been normal, Anne Shakespeare would certainly have followed her husband to London once he became permanently settled in his acting career. Shakespeare belonged to one of the great resident London companies and except for the yearly tours of the provinces he spent all his working time in London. But unlike the other actors in his company he had no wife and family in London and for nearly twenty years he lived there in hired lodgings.

An actor's wife in Elizabethan times could be a great help to her husband in his profession. Nearly all the actors in Shakespeare's company were settled householders, with competent wives and a large number of children, and the only exceptions were two or three men who never married, and William Shakespeare.

If Anne Shakespeare was a Puritan she could never have brought herself to go to London and help her husband in his profession. The acting profession would have been to her one of the snares of Satan. As one anxious reformer put it, actors were "crocodiles which devour the pure chastity both of single and married persons. . . . In their plays you shall learn all things that appertain to craft, mischief, deceits and filthiness." The actors answered these attacks by parodying the Puritans on the stage and laughing at them, but to the Puritans themselves the situation was no laughing matter.

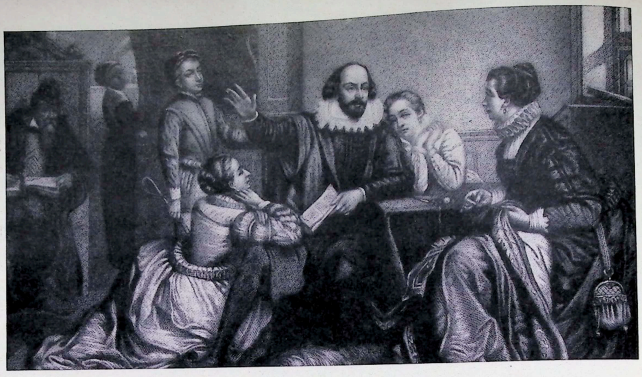
The break between Anne and William Shakespeare evidently occurred within three or four years of his marriage, probably coinciding with his decision to go on the stage. Two years after Susanna was born, Anne gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl, who were christened on the second of February, 1585. The twins were named Hamnet and Judith, almost certainly after friends of the Shakespeares, Hamnet and Judith Sadler of High Street. After that there were no more children and it seems probable that within the next year or two William Shakespeare had left Stratford and gone to London.

It was not until twenty years later, when he had retired from the stage, that he returned to his wife and children in Stratford, to remain there until his death in 1616...

and as an actor

If Shakespeare had not enjoyed his work as an actor, he could no doubt have given it up when he became a successful writer. Ben Jonson started life as an actor but he gave the profession up as soon as he found he could make a living by his pen. Shakespeare, on the other hand, never gave up his profession.

He was a successful actor in 1592, as is shown by Greene's attack on him. He was still an actor in 1598, when he appears on the list of "principal comedians" who acted in *Every Man in his Humour*. He was still an actor in 1603, when he appears on the list of "principal tragedians" who acted in *Sejanus*. He was still acting in 1608 because Cuthbert Burbage names him specifically among the "men players" who arranged to begin using the Blackfriars theatre that year; and since he evidently retired to Stratford two or three years later, it can safely be stated from these facts that Shakespeare



Shakespeare reading to his family

was an actor throughout the whole of his life in the London theatre.

Shakespeare was not, of course, as brilliantly successful an actor as Edward Alleyn, who could make a bad play seem good and whose name was even used on the title page of a printed play because it would increase sales. But Shakespeare's knowledge of people was infinitely greater than Alleyn's, and it is probable that none of the many audiences who saw him on the stage was ever able to deduce his own character and personality from the roles he played.

A busy actor like William Shakespeare did not have much time to write plays. Acting was not an easy profession on the Elizabethan stage or one to be taken up lightly. An actor went through a strenuous period of training before he could be entrusted with an important part by one of the great city companies. He worked on a raised stage in the glare of the afternoon sun, with none of the softening illusions that can be achieved in the modern theatre, and in plays that made strenuous demands upon his skill as a fencer, a dancer and an acrobat.

Many of the men in the London companies had been "trained up from their childhood" in the art, and an actor like Shakespeare, who entered the profession in his twenties, had an initial handicap that could only be overcome by intelligence and rigorous discipline. Since he was a well-known actor by 1592 and Chettle says he was an excellent one, he must have had the initial advantages of a strong body and a good voice and have taught himself in the hard school of the Elizabethan theatre how to use them to advantage.

One of the most famous of the London companies, that of Lord Strange, began its career as a company of tumblers, and a standard production like *The Forces of Hercules* was at least half acrobatics. Training of this kind was extremely useful to the actors, for the normal London stage consisted of several different levels. Battles and sieges were very popular with the audiences, with the upper levels of the stage used as the town walls and turrets, and an actor had to know how to take violent falls without damaging either himself or his expensive costume.

Nearly all plays involved some kind of fighting, and in staging hand-to-hand combats the actor's training had to be excellent. The average Londoner was an expert on the subject of fencing, and he did not pay his penny to see two professional actors make ineffectual dabs at each other with rapiers when the script claimed they were fighting to the death.

A young actor like Shakespeare must have gone through long, gruelling hours of practice to learn the ruthless technique of Elizabethan fencing. He had to learn how to handle a long, heavy rapier in one hand, with a dagger for parrying in the other, and to make a series of savage, calculated thrusts at close quarters from the wrist and forearm, aiming either at his opponent's eyes or below the ribs. The actor had to achieve a brutal reality of an actual Elizabethan duel without injuring himself or his opponent, a problem that required a high degree of training and of physical coordination.

Not being content with savage, realistic fights in its theatre productions, the London audience also expected to see bloody deaths and mutilations; and it was necessary to find some way to run a sword through an actor's head or tear out his entrails without impairing his usefulness for the next afternoon's performance. This involved not only agility but a thorough knowledge of sleight of hand, since the players were working close to the audience and in broad daylight.

In addition to all this, subordinate or beginning actors were expected to handle several roles in an afternoon instead of only one. A major company seldom had more than twelve actors in it and could not afford to hire an indefinite number of extra ones for a single production. This meant that the men who had short speaking parts or none were constantly racing about and leaping into different costumes to get onstage with a different characterization as soon as they heard their cues.

In one of Alleyn's productions a single actor played a Tartar nobleman, a spirit, an attendant, a hostage, a ghost, a child, a captain and a Persian; and while none of the parts made any special demands on his acting ability he must have had very little time to catch his breath. The London theatre was no place for physical weaklings; and, in the same way it is safe to assume that John Shakespeare must have had a strong, well-made body or he would not have been appointed a constable in Stratford, it is safe to assume that he must have passed the inheritance on to his eldest son, Will.

There was one more physical qualification an Elizabethan actor had to possess, and this was perhaps more important than any of

Shakespeare reciting for Queen Elizabeth

the others. He had to have a good voice. An Elizabethan play was full of action, but in the final analysis it was not the physical activity that caught and held the emotions of the audience; it was the words. An audience was an assembly of listeners and it was through the ear, not the eye, that the audience learned the location of each of the scenes, the emotions of each of the characters and the poetry and excitement of the play as a whole. More especially, since the actors were men and boys and close physical contact could not carry the illusion of love-making, words had to be depended upon in the parts that were written for women.

An Elizabethan audience had become highly susceptible to the use of words, trained and alert to catch their exact meaning and full of joy if they were used well. But this meant, as the basis of any successful stage production, that all the words had to be heard clearly. The actors used a fairly rapid delivery of their lines and this meant that breath control, emphasis and enunciation had to be perfect if the link that was being forged between the emotions of the audience and the action on the stage was not to be broken.

When Shakespeare first came to London, the problem of effective stage delivery was made somewhat easier by the use of a heavily end-stopped line, where the actor could draw his breath at regular intervals and proceed at a kind of jog-trot. But during the following decade this kind of writing became increasingly old-fashioned, giving way to an intricate and supple blank verse that was much more difficult to handle intelligently; and no one was more instrumental in bringing the new way of writing into general use than Shakespeare himself.

Even with all the assistance given him by the old way of writing, with mechanical accenting and heavy use of rhyme, an Elizabethan actor had no easy time remembering his part. A repertory system was used and no play was given two days in succession. The actor played a different part every night and he had no opportunity to settle into a comfortable routine while the lines of the part became second nature to him. He could expect very little help from the prompter, for that overworked individual was chiefly occupied in seeing that the actors came on in proper order, that they had their properties available and that the intricate stage arrangements that controlled the pulleys from the "heavens" and the springs to the trap doors were worked with quick, accurate, split-second timing.

These stage effects, which naturally had to be changed each afternoon for each new play, were extremely complicated. A single play in which Greene and Lodge collaborated required the descent of a prophet and an angel let down on a throne, a woman blackened by a thunder stroke, sailors coming in wet from the sea, a serpent devouring a vine, a hand with a burning sword emerging from a cloud and "Jonah the prophet cast out of the whale's belly upon the stage." Any production that had to wrestle with as many complications as this had no room for an actor who could not remember his lines.

Moreover, an actor who forgot his lines would not have lasted long in what was a highly competitive profession. There were more actors than there were parts for them, judging by the number of people who were listed as players in the parish registers. An actor like Shakespeare who maintained his position on the London stage for two decades could legitimately be praised, as Chettle praised him, for being "excellent in the quality he professes." If it had been otherwise, he would not have remained for long on the London stage.

The fact that Shakespeare was an actor gave him one great advantage over the average playwright of his day. Usually a playwright made a play to order and met the actors in some convenient place where it could be given a reading. Normally an alehouse served as an impromptu office since, as one foreigner remarked, there were "partitions between the tables so that one table cannot overlook the next." Once the play had been read and approved, the dramatist was paid and his contribution was over.

Many of the playwrights had so little interest in the finished production that they even did not go to see it acted, and George Chapman once remarked, "I see not mine own plays." A writer of this kind had no opportunity to judge the total emotional impact of his work on a living audience, and Chapman's plays are unactable today.

But Shakespeare was an actor. He was present during every detail of the production of his own plays and when they were acted he almost touched hands with his audience. He was in a position to know exactly what could be achieved from the production point of view, and the quality that has kept him a living force on the stage for more than three hundred years was born in part of his close professional knowledge of his audience. ♦

by Hugh Reginald Haweis

FOUR STRINGS

YEHUDI MENUHIN

FRITZ KREISLER

The fascination of the violin is the fascination of the soul unveiled.

No instrument—the human voice hardly excepted—provides such a rare vehicle for the emotions. And while the violin equals the voice in sensibility and expression, it far transcends it in compass, variety, and durability.

The four strings no doubt limit and define its compass and only in the quartet and collectively, is it capable of extended effects of complex harmony. But as a tone-producing instrument—and within its limits it is perfect—every gradation of sound between tone and semitone is attainable. For no other instrument can this be claimed.

The violin possesses a triple power which invests it with a singular completeness of its own: *accent*—in staccato passages almost the accent of percussion; *sustained sound*—to a degree far beyond the capabilities of the human voice; and *modified tone.*

The piano possesses accent, but once strike a note, soft or loud, and it passes beyond control. The piano has little sustained and no modified tone. The organ has accent and sustained tone, but in a very imperfect sense modified tone. Only in the violin do we find this triple power unified.

This threefold power in the violin is placed under the immediate control of two hands, each hand functioning differently. The hand on the finger-board presses the strings. The other hand wields the bow and not only sets the strings in vibration, but regulates, in marvelous fashion, the outpourings of sound, which are in reality the outpourings of the musician's soul.

This is why the same piece of music—or, for that matter, the same violin—may sound so differently when played by two different musicians.

A few of Paganini's solos were written and Sivori, who passed as his only pupil, was in the habit of playing some of them. Yet no one was ever roused to frenzy or tears by that excellent performer. The gentlemen in the orchestra remained calm and listened with admiration and approval. But when Paganini played, the drummer on one occasion so shook with excitement that he was utterly incapable of playing his part at all.

When Paganini raised his bow on high, it came down on his four strings with a crash—the thunder of his soul. When his violin wailed with sweetness long drawn out, tears rolled down the faces of hardened orchestral veterans. Listeners went into fits of laughter when a comic vein seized the Maestro in the midst of his variations on the *Carnival de Venice.*

It was the mystery of touch. The language of touch is the language of soul and the perfection of touch is reached when a sensitive finger controls a vibrating string or nerve and sends its own psychic thrill along the waves of sound or sensibility.

The same no doubt is true of the pianoforte touch, though in a less degree, because a percussive touch can never have the power of a sustained and modified pressure.

The violin is perennial. It grows old with its perpetual youth. There is no reason why it should ever wear out. It sings over the graves of many generations. Time, that sometimes robs it of a little varnish, has no effect upon its sweetness or resonance.

The violin lives on with a fullness of life and a freshness that contrasts quaintly enough with the fleeting, sickly, and withering generations of man.

Thus human in its power and pathos, superhuman in its immortal fabric, the violin reigns supreme, the king and queen of all instruments. In the hands of a Paganini, a Sarasate, a Kreisler, a Heifetz, an Elman or a Menuhin, it is the joy of the civilized world. ♦

and a SOUL

JASCHA HEIFETZ

The Motion Picture Director

by Leo C. Rosten

Mervyn LeRoy

For more than two decades Mervyn LeRoy has been recognized as one of the world's greatest motion picture directors. He was one of the youngest directors ever entrusted with a megaphone by a major producing company when he began in 1927. He scored with his first picture and his record of achievement since then, in the production of motion pictures of the highest standard, is one of the most outstanding in film annals, including the winning of an Academy Award.

Born in San Francisco, he made his first stage appearance as an infant papoose in "THE SQUAW MAN" in the city's Alcazar theatre. He made his first movie in his own backyard when he was nine. Still no more than a boy, he went into vaudeville, stopped to make a brief and unsuccessful invasion of Hollywood, returned to vaudeville and again tried Hollywood. This time he stayed, played minor roles in three pictures, then turned to directing.

In 1928, after three pictures – all of them successful – he joined Warner Brothers. He remained for ten years, drew steadily more important assignments and already was ranked among filmdom's best directors when he went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1938. Through the next 14 years, he made many of M-G-M's biggest and most notable pictures and, along the way, was elevated to the rank of producer-director. In 1954, he returned to Warner Brothers.

In the lengthy array of his pictures, among the most outstanding are "THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO," "RANDOM HARVEST," "THE WIZARD OF OZ," "LITTLE CAESAR," "BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST," "FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG," "TUGBOAT ANNIE," "OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA," "THREE MEN ON A HORSE," "ANTHONY ADVERSE," "WATERLOO BRIDGE," "ESCAPE," "JOHNNY EAGER," "THEY WON'T FORGET," "MADAME CURIE," "HOMECOMING," "LITTLE WOMEN," "ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY," "FIVE STAR FINAL," "LOVELY TO LOOK AT," "MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID," "QUO VADIS," "STRANGE LADY IN TOWN" and "MISTER ROBERTS." His latest motion picture is "BAD SEED."

LeRoy's equal success in the field of human relations has won him many honors, climaxed, two years ago, when he became the first motion picture personality ever to receive the World Brotherhood Award from the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

The accompanying photographs show LeRoy in varied phases of his work as a motion picture director.

Making a movie is telling a story. Superior pictures are pictures which tell superior stories in a superior manner. Poor pictures are pictures which, despite the talent of their actors, the ingenuity of their construction, or the scale of their production, tell a poor story – or tell a story poorly. On the screen, as on the stage or in the novel, the play is still the thing.

Everyone who is engaged in the long process by which movies are made is engaged in the delineation of a story. The writer writes a tale, not just words. The actor creates characters, not just grimaces. The cinematographer underlines moods with light and shadow. The composer uses music to capture emotions. And the movie director is the man through whom the separate creations are translated into a motion picture. The director takes script, actors, cameramen, technicians, and *directs* them, in the literal meaning of the word, fusing the parts into a single pattern with a point, a purpose, a central theme. He controls the pace and rhythm, the overtones and meaning of a screenplay.

The movie director changes that which does not conform to his conception of what the story is, or how it should be told. There is a world of difference between a mimeographed screenplay and a movie. The movie writer creates a story, but the movie director creates a motion picture.

A motion picture is never photographed in continuity. The story is "shot" in pieces. It must be. If you observe a movie you will see that there are "jumps" every minute or so. You see a crowded ballroom; then the camera moves through the dancers until all but four couples are excluded; then you jump closer to one couple; then you see the woman's head, as viewed from over the man's shoulder; then you view the man's head; then you jump to the orchestra leader; then to a courier riding a horse madly; then the courier is in front of the building, leaping off his horse, and runs inside; then you are inside the ballroom as the courier bursts in; then you are very close to his face as he shouts, "Napoleon is Emperor!"; then you are near the chandelier watching the four hundred dancers cheer; then you jump back to the man and woman, embracing; then you see her hand letting a rose fall to the ground...

Each of these short, separate scenes is a single shot. And each must be photographed with the camera in a different place. The director directs each shot, and fuses all of them into one unified, finished motion picture. He "cuts" (i.e., edits) and assembles the hundreds of separate scenes. He selects the shots (as many as thirty shots may

be made of an actress uttering two lines of dialogue and bursting into tears), slices their length, cuts out incidents, rearranges the sequence of events, creates contrasts, movement, climaxes.

The director must always preserve a clear conception of the whole, while he directs on the sound stages, while he sits in the cutting room. He must gauge the tempo of scenes in juxtaposition. He must sense the rhythm of episodes so that there is a fluid, continuous line to the unfolding of the story. He must give differentiated emphasis to voices, words, acts, gestures. He and he alone controls the dramatic value and the "story line" of a film.

In the days of silent films, the movie director wrote skeleton scenarios, cut the film, sometimes wrote the subtitles, supervised the lighting and photography – and sometimes acted in the picture. During this era of picture-making, directors and producers worked together informally and continuously, and the director was second only to the producer – for it was the director who actually made the movies. As the function of the directors rose in significance, Hollywood's producers began to worry about the directors' increasing power and independence.

After the revolution of talking pictures, the movie director was forced into an absurd secondary position. In those confused, groping days, directors were ordered to shoot scripts which described every shot, every movement of action, every position of the camera. Changes were not permitted, directorial creation was discouraged, interpretation was crushed. Dialogue directors were imported from New York to guide the movie directors and to cope with the crisis of spoken dialogue. The results were what might have been expected: the movies became cluttered with words; stories were buried under dialogue; the essential *movement* of movies was sacrificed to the conceptions and the limitations of the stage.

By 1934, the directors had returned to power. They still knew how to work with visual images. They still knew how to make moving pictures, how to give movies the active, urgent pace which the screen demands. It is significant that in 1938, out of 244 active directors in Hollywood, 136 were movie directors who had won some recognition

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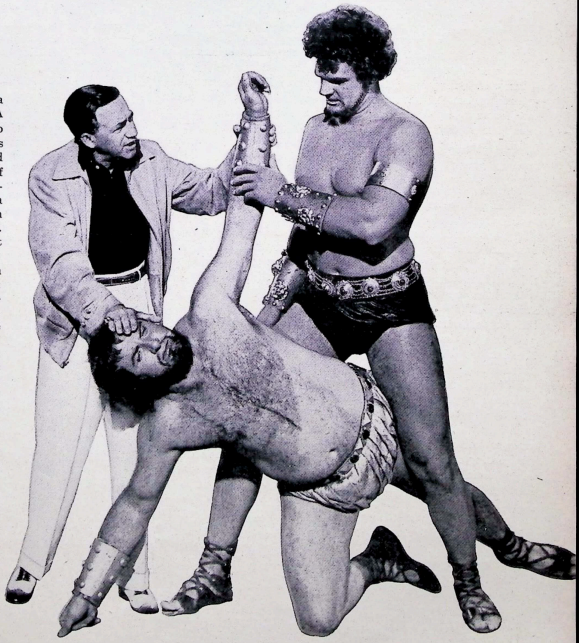
in silent pictures before the coming of sound; only 21 had been brought to Hollywood directly from Broadway.

No less an authority than Irving Thalberg made the statement that it is the director who is responsible for the story which appears on the screen. This is true, *if* the director has had any choice or influence over the story which he is given to direct.

Professional collaboration between the movie directors and movie writers is very widely practiced – by the leading directors. But this collaboration occurs only on the uppermost levels of movie making – where leading directors can select their stories and their writers, and can work on a screenplay from the first idea to the finished film. The directors want the collaborative method to be used more often and more widely. Whether the writers do is another matter...

Actually the movie director and the movie writer are always collaborating – whether they know it or not, whether they prefer it or not. The director needs a script to shoot; the writer needs a director to put his script on the screen. The way in which a director shoots a script – the photographic angles, the inflections, the pace, the mood – is, in effect, a new interpretation of what the writer has written. Directors cut speeches, change characters, revise plot, introduce gags, invent bits of dramatic "business" – in short, they put their conception of a story on the screen. The making of a film requires a combination of the skills and insights of both directors and writers.

It would seem that collaboration between movie directors and writers is as natural as co-operation between librettists and composers, or architects and contractors. The difficulty lies in the fact that few directors and writers can work together amicably. The creative process and the creative personality do not lend themselves easily to partnership. The writers want the directors to shoot the scripts which the writers write; the directors want the writers to write the scripts which the directors want to shoot. Most directors think there are very few writers who understand the screen and the special needs of the screen; most writers think that there are few directors who can appreciate a story which departs from the routine. Most directors think that writers



The motion picture director is a man of many and varied skills. A specialist himself, he must also guide the highly specialized efforts of experts in all the diversified activities involved in the making of a motion picture – scripting, creation of sets, costuming, camera work and dozens of others, each requiring his personal attention. So, it is all in line of duty that Mervyn LeRoy

1 checks the model of a new set with Greer Garson and Dana Andrews;
2 discusses sketches for a forthcoming set with the screenplay author;
3 rehearses players in their dialogue before they face the camera;
4 points out to Elizabeth Taylor a feature of the set to which she must give particular attention in the scene she is about to play;
5 with easy informality, rehearses Clark Gable and Anne Baxter in a bedroom scene;
6 makes certain that Janet Leigh's hairdo remains in keeping with her costume;
7 coaches pert nine-year-old Patty McCormack for her first film role following her triumphal appearance in a Broadway success;
8 directs a complicated panoramic "boom" shot of a waltz scene in a Victorian salon;
9 with special technical experts checks a winter scene created indoors on one of the huge stages.

"fall in love" with their characters and situations, and lose sight of the moving picture as a technique; most writers think that directors want to be writers themselves, cannot resist the congenital urge to make changes for the sake of making changes, and introduce appalling cliches of characterization and purpose into stories which aim at freshness and individuality.

Both the directors and the writers are right. The basic point is that there are few directors and writers who can work together; there are few whose egocentrism (inevitable in those who live by fantasy) can endure the demands, the rebuffs, and the concessions which collaboration imposes upon those who try it. When a director and writer do perform as a single creative team, the results are salutary.

The movie director, it should be noted, does not create *ab initio:* he works with a script which writers have written; he directs actors who strive to interpret roles *their* way; he employs cameras, lights, sets, music which other creators have devised. The director is, therefore, in the curious psychological position of being accorded deference which is high – but ambiguous, because of the "synthetic" character of his work.

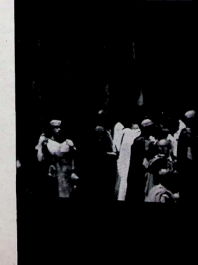
Many directors protest that their importance in movie making is underestimated; they think that writers are given too much praise for the screenplay; that actors get too much praise for their performances. Many directors, that is, are certain that it is *their* direction which lends life and conviction to a script; that it is *their* direction which is responsible for the subtlety or effectiveness of an actor's performance.

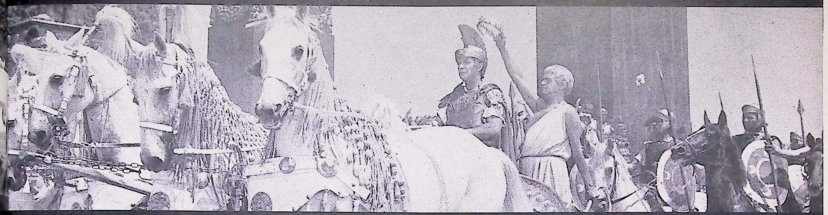
There is some truth in this; but there is just as much truth in the fact that no director works miracles: the director needs a script which is competent and actors who can act . . .

The author's invitation to "Comment on American movies today" drew written answers from 53 directors. The comments can be summarized in four sentences: Hollywood's directors are critical, above all else, of the amount of originality and imagination in the movies today. They are concerned with the type of story and picture which is in vogue. They rebel against censorship and the factors ordinarily believed to enhance box-office appeal (e.g., the star system). And one-tenth of the directors remarked that the intelligence of the American audience is being underestimated by Hollywood's producers.

Hollywood executives are discovering that directors who know their craft, who are attuned to the requirements of the screen, who work in first-hand contact with actors, scripts, cameras, and cutters, who have gone through the story mill of Westerns, potboilers, comedies, action pictures, farces, tragedies, and musicals, are the key men of movies. The leading directors know how to deliver the goods. They are the central craftsmen of the screen. They hold the crucial position between ideas, stories, budgets, actors – and the movie on the screen. ♦

As one sits in the darkened theater, while a thrilling spectacle unfolds with smooth perfection on the screen, the vivid realism of the pageantry and the moving human drama enable the viewer to identify himself and transport himself to the very time and place of all he sees before him. This fanciful flight into the world on the screen is possible only because a director like Mervyn LeRoy has integrated successfully all the diverse elements and the efforts of hundreds of expert technicians which have gone into the making of the picture. With these and the magic touch of his own genius, the ultimate result has become living, breathing entertainment. His has been the hand which guided all the players – stars to the humblest extras – in their every move, as well as all the workers behind the camera. And with that hand, he has unlocked the door to a world of enchanting illusion for millions, who there find surcease from the workaday world.





No other man contributed so much to the vast expansion of 20th century knowledge. Yet no other man was more modest in the possession of the power that is knowledge, more sure that power without wisdom is deadly. To all who live in the nuclear age, Albert Einstein exemplified the mighty creative ability of the individual in a free society.

—DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

A MAN NAMED EINSTEIN

by George R. Harrison

With Einstein's death the world lost a shy and kindly man, sweet-natured and intensely human, and for a long time now will be taking stock of what resulted from his three-quarters of a century of living. Most of what he did, woven into the mesh of all future civilization, came about from the long, long thoughts of a youth of 26. Like Newton, Einstein finished his greatest work before the age of 30.

They are saying that such minds come on the human scene only once in 100 years, but this is an understatement. Not since that earlier youth invented the calculus and discovered the law of universal gravitation, nearly 300 years ago, has so lofty a peak of intellectual achievement even been approached.

It is futile to argue whether Einstein's was the Everest and Newton's the lesser Himalaya of a mind, or vice versa; in my opinion, with which some would disagree, one must go beyond Galileo and even Archimedes to find Einstein's match, back to the days when the world of speculation was very young indeed.

The violence Einstein wrought on the common run of thought has been only approached by others. He reared his structures on a massif left by many minds, but his influence on the reasoning and actions of mankind is likely in the end to make men think of a few only as his peers.

It was more than youth that gave young Einstein such willingness to plunge off in new directions to explain phenomena that had defied explanation in previous terms, but youth played an important role.

His greatest break-through of the boundaries of knowledge, was his 1905 paper on Special Relativity. Only a few scientists paid much attention to it for a dozen years, and for a time fewer than a dozen were able to understand its mathematics. By 1917 it had been extended, verified, and accepted, and with the Quantum Theory it now forms one of the great twin bastions of modern physics, and indeed of all science.

By 1907 Einstein's greatest work was done, though he was still to do enough of importance to bring an outstanding reputation to any run-of-the-mine theoretical physicist.

In his later years, while a professor at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, Einstein occupied himself in the search for a unified field theory. Of the three basic forces of the universe, the electrical, magnetic and gravitational forces which account for all physical phenomena, the first two are known to be related, and it seems probable to many physicists that all will ultimately be found to be expressions of a single basic force.

The papers that Einstein published on this subject seem not to have been directly fruitful, though his thoughts will surely serve as a basis on which others can build in the urge for seeking a unifying principle behind all life. Many experts believe that he was not even on the right track in this work. Some felt that he became increasingly traditional as he aged; others that he had struck such a high mark in his youth that he was unable to excel it except by attempting the almost impossible.

The Quantum Theory and Relativity, both basic to our modern understanding of the universe, benefited by Einstein's thought. To the first he was only one contributor of many, but Relativity is his alone, and it will stand as his enduring monument.

The basic arguments of Relativity are not difficult to comprehend, though the detailed mathematical argument lies in a field so uncommon that it was familiar to only a few trained mathematicians when the theory first appeared.

Einstein had a pleasant and full-fledged gift of humor, which he

used to fob off laymen who wanted a simple explanation of Relativity, saying, "When you sit with a nice girl for two hours, you think it's only a minute. But when you sit on a hot stove for a minute, you think it's two hours. That's relativity." This has, of course, nothing to do with his theory, but only with what the world well knew before he lived: that many things are relative. Closer to the truth was the statement he approved: "There is no hitching post in the Universe—so far as we know."

The passing of Einstein gives us a chance to stop and think how it felt to have been alive while one of the authentic great minds of all history was doing its work. All of his reputation is deserved, but on a basis rather different from that commonly supposed. The intelligent man in the street is likely to say that Einstein was the world's greatest mathematician. This is correct enough, but in truth it misses the mark. He was, to be sure, a natural lover of mathematics, and taught himself from books at an early age more mathematics than any person but one in a million ever learns. However, there have been and are many greater mathematicians than he.

Instead, he was that priceless rarity, an intuitive thinker who was able to assemble and grasp great generalities and manipulate them into view for the world of men. He knew what he wanted to do, and when he did not have the mathematical tools himself, he knew where to turn for help. For mathematical help he turned to specialists. Much of Relativity is based on the work of Lorentz and of Poincaré.

It is not the feat of working out a theory so difficult to understand as the basic tenets of Relativity that excites our admiration, so much as the ability of a man to dash in so radical a direction to pick up the vanished thread of truth. Truth travels a variably curved path, and scientists tend to travel in straight lines in the direction in which the thread pointed when they last had hold of it. Then they need an Einstein, who goes in quite unreasonable directions and finds the thread again.

Einstein could be very, very wrong. In fact, he gloried in the willingness to be so, as a mark of the true scientist; for probing in the dark for truth is bound, as he pointed out, to bring 99 fruitless gropings for one successful grasp. But he could be wronger than most, for his mental reach was greater.

Einstein was always a kindly professor, and did human acts which endeared him to many. I treasure my only letter from him, received as an anonymous minor wartime government official in charge of a certain scientific field in which he made an invention. While doing his greatest thinking, Einstein had worked in the Swiss Patent Office, and he was patent-conscious all his life.

One of his patents was for a camera in which the size of the lens stop was automatically adjusted by the light from the scene to be photographed as it fell on a photocell attached to the camera. But Einstein was primarily a theorist, and was likely to overlook important details that often bar such devices from practicality. So it was with the device he submitted to the government in wartime, an automatic instrument for navigators, quite correct in theory, but incapable of reduction to practice because of the unfortunate presence of friction.

Einstein became in the last two decades a familiar figure on the Princeton campus in his wrinkled sweater, his long white hair straggling out from under his formless stocking cap. The isolated college community in its village was an ideal place for him; his duties were to sit and think, and to help young scientists to think while they sat and listened to his discussions. He was always a most stimulating thinker, though far from what would be called a good speaker.

Much of his shyness sprang from the fact that the things that occupied his mind would not have interested a casual listener. He was a simple, friendly man, of utter modesty, truly uninterested in worldly honors, and worried by the adulation heaped upon him.

His latest entry in American Men of Science does not even mention the Nobel Prize he won in 1921, although it does mention a lesser prize. He had humility in its truest form, and the greatest need of his later years sprang from his desire for protection from a prying and inquisitive public.

Was Einstein naïve? By ordinary standards he often seemed so, but he had the naïveté of a Parsifal, the innocence so dangerous to falsity, a cutting sword that slices the draperies from sham. Many of his friends regretted his stand in advising scientists to refuse to testify before congressional committees, and his half-jesting and misunderstood comment that, the way scientists are treated today, if he had had it to do all over he might well have become a plumber. He did not expect his dicta to be taken so seriously by so many.

He was a great lover of mankind and an internationalist. He was an intense Zionist, and although he would have been called irreligious by many, was deeply religious in the highest sense, with a profound conviction of the unity of nature and of the presence of purpose in the universe.

But he did not concern himself with personal salvation or the details of creeds and isms. Although he lent himself, as the scientist most likely to catch the ear of a busy statesman, to the efforts of others to bring to the attention of President Roosevelt the possibility of the release of nuclear energy, he had no stomach for instruments of warfare and was a profound lover of peace.

A newspaper headline that I saw on the day he died, "His Theory Paved the Way for Atom Bomb," would have saddened him. While true in word, it is a distortion of the truth. It would be equally true, and almost as relevant, to say that the submarine Nautilus resulted from the discovery made by Archimedes when he sprang from his bath shouting "Eureka!"

Einstein's great law of the equivalence of matter and energy, which sprang from his 1905 Theory of Special Relativity, without doubt is one of the most basic discoveries ever made, and will be remembered long after atom bombs have been outmoded or outlawed. The concept that matter and energy are interconvertible strikes directly to the core of the universe, and probably exceeds in grandeur any other picture in the field of physical science.

He exercised the most profound influence on the future cogitations of all philosophers, and though his ideas of causality have lately been the subject of controversy between himself and such great physicists as Bohr, and much misunderstood by ordinary thinkers, they cut the solid earth out from under the placid concepts of the nineteenth century and substituted a more tenuous but more realistic picture.

No one regretted more than Einstein the close association of his great theory with atomic bombs and instruments of warfare, yet he realized that this was a normal part of human evolution and that man must grow with his universe. His new directions of thought were filled with meaning for the coming races of mankind, and will lead men into new fields of awareness, new challenges of attainment, and new realizations of human destiny.

Such a combination of intellectual abilities as his comes not more than a few times in a millennium; we are distinguished to have lived while such a giant walked the earth. ♦

MY CREDO

by Albert Einstein

Strange is our situation here upon earth. Each of us comes for a short visit, not knowing why, yet sometimes seeming to divine a purpose. From the standpoint of daily life, however, there is one thing we do know: that man is here for the sake of other men—above all for those upon whose smile and well-being our own happiness depends, and also for the countless unknown souls with whose fate we are connected by a bond of sympathy. Many times a day I realize how much my own outer and inner life is built upon the labors of my fellow-men, both living and dead, and how earnestly I must exert myself in order to give in return as much as I have received. My peace of mind is often troubled by the depressing sense that I have borrowed too heavily from the work of other men.

I do not believe we can have any freedom at all in the philosophical sense, for we act not only under external compulsion but also by inner necessity. Schopenhauer's saying—"A man can surely do what he wills to do, but he cannot determine what he wills"—impressed itself upon me in youth and has always consoled me when I have witnessed or suffered life's hardships. This conviction is a perpetual breeder of tolerance, for it does not allow us to take ourselves or others too seriously; it makes rather for a sense of humor.

To ponder interminably over the reason for one's own existence or the meaning of life in general seems to me, from an objective point of view, to be sheer folly. And yet everyone holds certain ideals by which he guides his aspiration and his judgment. The ideals which have always shone before me and filled me with the joy of living are goodness, beauty, and truth. To make a goal of comfort or happiness has never appealed to me; a system of ethics built on this basis would be sufficient only for a herd of cattle.

Ever since childhood I have scorned the commonplace limits so often set upon human ambition. Possessions, outward success, publicity, luxury—to me these have always been contemptible. I believe that a simple and unassuming manner of life is best for everyone, best both for the body and the mind.

My passionate interest in social justice and social responsibility has always stood in curious contrast to a marked lack of desire for direct association with men and women. I am a horse for single harness, not cut out for tandem or team work. I have never belonged wholeheartedly to country or state, to my circle of friends, or even to my own family. These ties have always been accompanied by a vague aloofness, and the wish to withdraw into myself increases with the years.

Such isolation is sometimes bitter, but I do not regret being cut off from the understanding and sympathy of other men. I lose something by it, to be sure, but I am compensated for it in being rendered independent of the customs, opinions, and prejudices of others, and am not tempted to rest my peace of mind upon such shifting foundations.

My political ideal is democracy. Everyone should be respected as an individual, but no one idolized. It is an irony of fate that I should have been showered with so much uncalled-for and unmerited admiration and esteem. Perhaps this adulation springs from the unfulfilled wish of the multitude to comprehend the few ideas which I, with my weak powers, have advanced.

Full well do I know that in order to attain any definite goal it is imperative that one person should do the thinking and commanding and carry most of the responsibility. But those who are led should not be driven, and they should be allowed to choose their leader. It seems to me that the distinctions separating the social classes are false; in the last analysis they rest on force. I am convinced that degeneracy follows every autocratic system of violence, for violence inevitably attracts moral inferiors. Time has proved that illustrious tyrants are succeeded by scoundrels. ♦

The Answer Lies in Questions

As we have developed on these shores the greatest democracy in human history, so have we developed the most impressive and, I believe, the most effective educational system in the world. The two clearly go hand in hand.

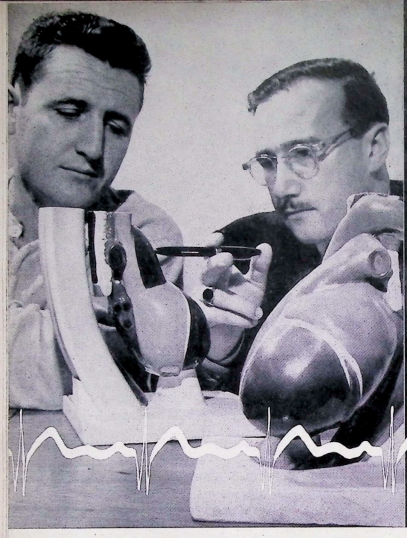
Our American educational process has been geared not only to training the American citizen how to do but also how to understand —to know the reasons for things. Its general design, however uncertain at times and places, has been to help us all learn how as good beings and good citizens, to lead the good life.

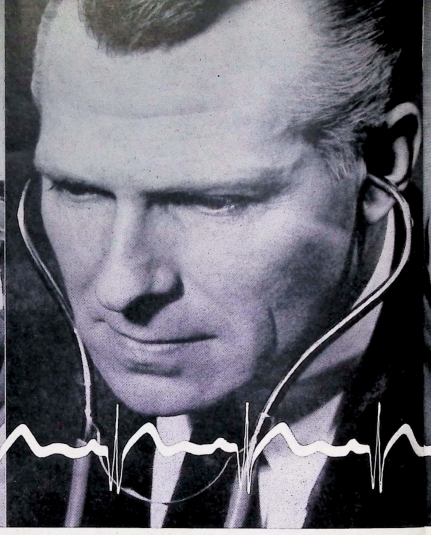
As Aristotle observed, goodness and wisdom are inseparable. If democracy is to be dynamic and forward-reaching, as it must be to flourish, it must constantly exert every effort to insure that all of its citizens are as good and wise as possible, that they achieve the maximum development of their mental capacities, and that they acquire an intellectual grasp of the aims of life in a democratic society and the means of achieving them.

It is of the very life blood of democracy that there be freedom to seek the truth through knowledge. The inquiring mind, indeed the boldly inquiring mind, persistent intellectual curiosity, the testing of every thesis and dogma against fact and reason are the working tools of free men and of the democratic educational process.

It will be fatal to our way of life (and it is the best way of life ever devised for men and women who treasure freedom and dignity), should our educational process ever become shackled by the bonds of conformity of thought induced by fear, perverted by anti-intellectualism, or lose through intimidation its zest for knowledge and truth. ♦

by Ralph Bunche





Living with YOUR HEART

by Marguerite Clark

To the eighty-five hard-working, heavy-eating Chicago business executives the exhibit was a shock—and a grim warning.

Ranged before them on a side table at a Union League Club luncheon given by the Chicago Heart Association were four bottles containing the telltale specimens:

1. A normal heart, the size of a fist.

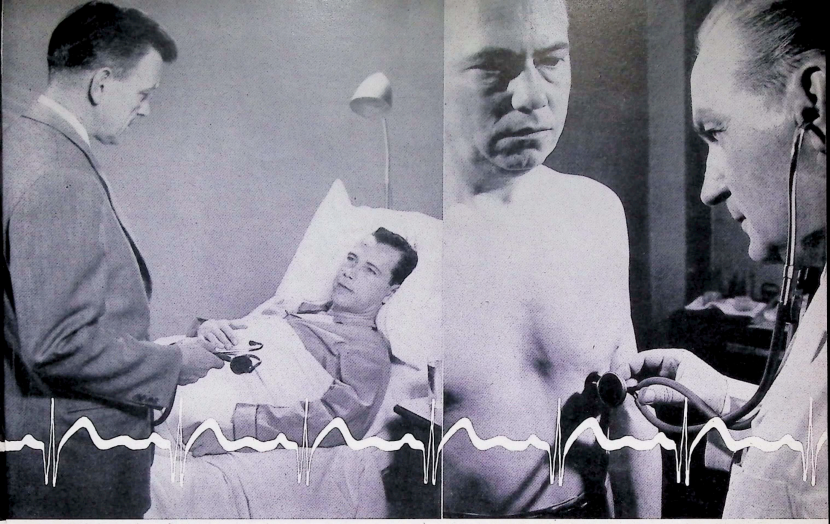
2. A heart swollen to twice its normal size, belonging to a fiery-tempered newspaper editor, who at fifty-eight, had a fatal stroke while arguing with an assistant.

3. A heart, puffed like a toy balloon, of a seventy-year-old department store head who refused to obey his doctor's orders to slow down.

4. A distorted heart with signs of clots and two closed coronary vessels, but with a relatively useful main artery. When its owner, a busy doctor, had his first attack at sixty-five, he relaxed, took up a hobby, and enjoyed life. At eighty, he died painlessly in his sleep.

The words of the heart specialists who addressed the group were as grim as the exhibit. "The dynamic, quick-tempered, hard-working people seem to develop most cases of heart disease," said one doctor. "The high tension under which we live, long hours of work, infrequent vacations, and night work at home are contributing factors to the heart ailments which each year kill approximately 600,000 Americans."

The increase in the life span has brought a rapid increase in the



number of deaths from degenerative diseases, such as those of the heart and arteries. Yet heart ailments are no longer regarded as diseases of the late or even middle years.

Heart disease is the leading fatal disease among children between the ages of five and ten. Rheumatic fever causes 40 percent of all heart diseases of all ages, and 90 percent of all heart diseases in children. Today there are more than 1,000,000 people in the United States suffering from rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart diseases.

Doctors emphasize that the strongest weapon against heart disease is accurate knowledge. The more you know, the less you have to fear, they say. In spite of the long-term educational program of the American Heart Association, the public at large is shockingly ignorant of the country's most important health problem. Few people have even a superficial awareness of the heart and its complex activities.

The heart is a pump that circulates the blood throughout the body. At birth, it weighs less than an ounce. In an adult, if the heart is normal, it weighs about a half pound and is somewhat larger than a fist.

The heart is a powerful hollow muscle divided—by a wall down the middle—into two main divisions, a right and a left. Each division has two chambers which work together as a unit. The blood stream flows from the body into the right side of the heart through veins. From there it is pumped to the lungs where it gets rid of a waste gas (carbon dioxide) collected from the body cells and picks up a load of oxygen to carry to the body cells. After passing through the lungs, the blood stream flows into the left side of the heart from which it is pumped to the body through arteries.

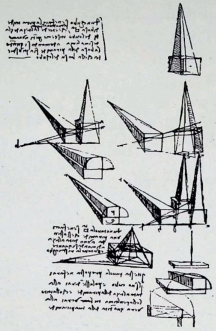
The heart constantly pumps blood at a rate which increases or decreases with the varying activity of the body.

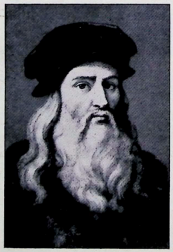
At birth the heart beats about 130 times a minute; at six years, it beats 100 times a minute; at ten years about 90, and at fifteen, about 85. Among adults, rates of anywhere from 65 to 85 beats per minute may well be within normal.

During a lifetime, the heart beats 2,500,000,000 times and pumps a total of nearly 15,000,000 gallons. It has been said that the heart of a seventy-year-old man has done work equivalent to the energy needed to lift the largest battleship out of the water.

With this tremendous activity, one would expect the heart to tire quickly. But as a rule, the heart can keep up easily with the many demands of the body in action. It can keep continuously at work pushing forth a load of blood at each beat because it rests between beats. The slower the heart beat, the longer the rest periods. During sleep the heart beats more slowly than at any other time. That is why doctors say the best way to keep your heart in good condition is to get a good rest every night.

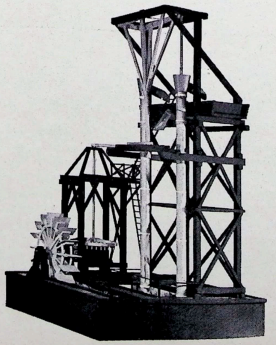
(continued on page 71)





LEONARDO DA VINCI

by Thomas Craven



Leonardo da Vinci is perhaps the most resplendent figure in the history of the human race—in person, distinguished and strong; in bearing, generous and gentle; in intellect, a giant; in art, the most perfect painter who ever held a brush. He stands so far above the ordinary mortal that his name, for centuries, has signified less a man than a legend, less an artist than a magician.

During his lifetime his presence stirred people to wonder and admiration, and to uncomfortable conjectures on his marvellous powers. When he walked through the streets of Milan, his long fair hair crowned with a black cap, and his blond beard flowing down over his favorite rose-colored tunic, passers-by drew aside, and whispered to one another, "There he goes to paint *The Last Supper!*" He would travel from his house across the whole length of the city to work on the picture, mount the scaffold, add two or three touches of color, and then go away; at other times he would paint in the deepest concentration from morning till night, without food or drink.

Leonardo was also an artist in warfare, and pressed by all sorts of demands, entered the service of Cesare Borgia as chief military engineer. It is no wonder that such a figure should have passed so swiftly into legend.

The legend was not of Leonardo's making. No man ever labored so steadfastly and scientifically to destroy mysteries and to enlighten the world by discoveries proceeding from observation and experiment. Profoundly religious, he was the enemy of superstition and magic. Disillusioned and skeptical, ceaselessly inquiring into the operations of all phenomena, he was at the same time, a poet who loved all outward shapes and forms—children, stern old men, enchanting women, horses, flowers, mountains and moving waters—and who tracked every outward manifestation of life down to the secret source of its energy.

He saw no essential difference between art and science; his mind was serene, strikingly deliberate, realistic, and endlessly experimental, and yet filled with the artist's delight in the making of new things. He put no trust in inspiration or momentary impulses; he was a master of calculations, a thoroughly modern man, superbly conscious in his methods and perfectly balanced in his procedures. He was never able to create spontaneously. He painted but few pictures, and those after infinite reflections and readjustments.

But in the completeness of his knowledge and in his conception of the world and the whole celestial system as one vast design, he came closer to universality than any other man.

Leonardo was born in the village of Vinci, a few miles west of Florence. He was an illegitimate, his mother being a peasant girl of sixteen who, for a consideration, surrendered her child and became the wife of a craftsman. His first years were spent among the mountains of his grandfather's country estate; at the age of thirteen he was received in his father's house at Florence.

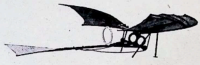
The young Leonardo was extraordinarily precocious. When a boy he displayed his ability in many directions, in mathematics, music and every branch of design. He played the lute, "singing to that instrument most divinely," as Vasari fondly relates, and improvising both words and music. He modelled figures in bas-relief and made drawings of faces, animals and flowers. His father, a fashionable lawyer but a man of sense, showed some of the drawings to his friend, Verrocchio, and so astonished was that master at the quality of work that he accepted the boy immediately as his pupil. He remained in Verrocchio's workshop from his thirteenth to his twenty-fifth year, a time of learning rather than accomplishment.

He lived soberly in his master's house; his fame was rising and he was by common consent the most richly gifted and enviable young man in Italy. Reluctantly, five or six years after he had become a licensed painter, he set up his own shop, for he had little interest in art as a physical exercise or a means to a livelihood, and disliked having to finish a work within a specified time.

From 1478 to 1483, his first years as an independent artist, we have only three authenticated pictures—the *St. Jerome* in the Vatican, the *Adoration* in the Uffizi, and the *Virgin of the Rocks* in the Louvre. None of these brought him any money, and the first and second are unfinished. Yet he contrived to live, not sumptuously, but well, keeping servants and horses. The conclusion is that he supported himself by painting, and that a number of canvases from this period are still in existence.

In his thirtieth year he entered the service of the Duke of Milan. He was engaged as general constructionist and court utilitarian; and remembering that he remained with His Excellency for sixteen years, we may conclude that he made good.

He painted the Duke's mistresses, designed costumes, organized festivals and supervised weddings—in a word, supplied the court with an artistic background. He had an assured living; was free to come and go as he pleased; and his obligations to the Duke did not interrupt his scientific studies. In a more serious vein, he assisted in the completion of the Cathedral, acted as hydraulic engineer, built canals with wonderfully improved locks, drained marshes, and invented the machine gun and breech-loading cannon.



During this period in Milan, Leonardo began to revise and collate his copious notebooks which constituted a repository of incalculable scientific research and speculative inquiry. But other duties continually interfered and he was never able to give his papers anything like systematic arrangement.

As a consequence, we have today, dispersed in European libraries, 5000 manuscript pages of unclassified reflections set down in reversed, or mirror writing, and embellished with drawings of the highest value. In method and in terminology, in magnitude and limpidity, they reveal one of the finest brains ever put in a human head.

In geology he established the laws of petrifaction. He was aware of the circulation of the blood. He invented the military tank, hydrophonic devices for communication among ships, roller bearings, and the wheel barrow. He described the flight of birds and made drawings of a "bird-man" and of aeroplanes driven by a propeller attached to a spring motor; he worked out every possible type of domed architecture and designed a cupola for St. Peter's sixty years before Michelangelo. He planned hygienic cities with underground avenues flushed by canals and houses limited in height to the width of the streets, complaining that "people should not be packed together like goats and pollute the air for another." He had a cure for sea-sickness—the list is endless.

In all the 5000 pages there is but one reference to women, a certain "Catarina who worked in a hospital—and had a fantastic face." In the whole life of Leonardo there is no record of a single love affair, or indeed of a distant Platonic friendship.

In the section of his notes devoted to painting, Leonardo deals with the fundamental values of art, presenting the subject both scientifically and in the universal terms of God and man. The treatise contains, besides directions for depicting everything imaginable from draperies to deluges, an intricate and exhaustive analysis of optical phenomena accompanied by illustrations of the most searching and portentous character.

If ever a man were able to paint by formula, surely Leonardo would be the man. But the more he studied, the deeper his wisdom, the sharper his experiences, the more troublesome did the making of pictures become. Each new undertaking implied a new and unique design. Inspiration meant nothing to him except the choice of

(continued on page 73)

Last Fight

by Charlotte M. Yonge

The grandest and most renowned of all ancient amphitheaters is the Coliseum at Rome. It was built by Vespasian and his son, Titus, the conquerors of Jerusalem, in a valley in the midst of the seven hills of Rome. The captive Jews were forced to labor at it; and the materials – granite outside, and a softer stone within – are so solid, and so admirably put together, that still, after more than nineteen centuries, it has scarcely even become a ruin, but remains one of the greatest wonders of Rome.

Five acres of ground were inclosed within the oval of its outer wall, which outside rises perpendicularly in tiers of arches one above another. Within, the galleries of seats projected forwards, each tier coming out far beyond the one above it; so that between the lowest and the outer wall there was room for a great variety of chambers, passages, and vaults around the central space, called the arena.

Altogether, when full, this huge building held no fewer than 87,000 spectators! It had no roof; but when there was rain, or if the sun was too hot, the sailors in the porticoes unfurled awnings that ran along upon ropes, and formed a covering of silk and gold tissue over the whole. Purple was the favorite color for this veil, because, when the sun shone through it, it cast such beautiful rosy tints on the snowy arena and the white purple-edged togas of the Roman citizens.

When the emperor had seated himself and given the signal, the sports began. Sometimes a rope-dancing elephant would begin the entertainment, by mounting even to the summit of the building and descending by a cord. Or a lion came forth with a jeweled crown on his head, a diamond necklace round his neck, his mane plaited with gold, and his claws gilded, and played a hundred pretty gentle antics with a little hare that danced fearlessly within his grasp.

Sometimes water was let into the arena, a ship sailed in, and falling to pieces in the midst, sent a crowd of strange animals swimming in all directions. Sometimes the ground opened, and trees came growing up through it, bearing golden fruit. Or the beautiful old tale of Orpheus was acted: these trees would follow the harp and song of a musician; but – to make the whole part complete – it was no mere play, but in real earnest, that the Orpheus of the piece fell a prey to live bears.

For the Coliseum had not been built for such harmless spectacles as those first described. The fierce Romans wanted to be excited and to feel themselves strongly stirred; and, presently, the doors

of the pits and dens around the arena were thrown open, and absolutely savage beasts were let loose upon one another – rhinoceroses and tigers, bulls and lions, leopards and wild boars – while the people watched with ferocious curiosity to see the various kinds of attack and defense, their ears at the same time being delighted, instead of horror-struck, by the roars and howls of the noble creatures whose courage was thus misused.

Wild beasts tearing each other to pieces might, one would think, satisfy any taste for horror; but the spectators needed even nobler game to be set before their favorite monsters – men were brought forward to confront them. Some of these were, at first, in full armor, and fought hard, generally with success. Or hunters came, almost unarmed, and gained the victory by swiftness and dexterity, throwing a piece of cloth over a lion's head, or disconcerting him by putting their fist down his throat.

But it was not only skill, but death, that the Romans loved to see; and condemned criminals and deserters were reserved to feast

in the Coliseum

the lions, and to entertain the populace with their various kinds of death. Among those condemned was many a Christian martyr, who witnessed a good confession before the savage-eyed multitude around the arena, and "met the lion's gory mane" with a calm resolution and a hopeful joy that the lookers-on could not understand. To see a Christian die, with upward gaze, and hymns of joy on his tongue, was the most strange and unaccountable sight the Coliseum could offer; and it was therefore the choicest, and reserved for the last of the spectacles in which the brute creation had a part.

The carcasses were dragged off with hooks, the bloodstained sand was covered with a fresh green layer, perfume was wafted in stronger clouds, and a procession came forward – tall, well-made men, in the prime of their strength. Some carried a sword and a lasso, others a trident and a net; some were in light armor, others in the full, heavy equipment of a soldier; some on horseback, some in chariots, some on foot. They marched in, and made their obeisance to the emperor; and with one voice their greeting sounded through the building: "Hail, Caesar; those about to die salute thee!" They were the gladiators – the swordsmen trained to fight to the death to amuse the populace.

Fights of all sorts took place – the light-armed soldier and the netsman – the lasso and the javelin – the two heavy-armed warriors – all combinations of single combat, and sometimes a general melée. When a gladiator wounded his adversary, he shouted to the spectators, "He has it!" and looked up to know whether he should kill or spare. When the people held up their thumbs, the conquered was

left to recover, if he could; if they turned them down, he was to die; and if he showed any reluctance to present his throat for the death-blow, there was a scornful shout, "Receive the steel!"

Christianity, however, worked its way upwards, and at last was professed by the emperor on his throne. Persecution came to an end, and no more martyrs fed the beasts in the Coliseum. The Christian emperors endeavored to prevent any more shows where cruelty and death formed the chief interest, and no truly religious person could endure the spectacle; but custom and love of excitement prevailed even against the emperor. They went on for fully a hundred years after Rome had, in name, become a Christian city.

Meantime the enemies of Rome were coming nearer and nearer. Alaric, the great chief of the Goths, led his forces into Italy, and threatened the city itself. Honorius, the emperor, was a cowardly, almost idiotic boy; but his brave general, Stilicho, assembled his forces, met the Goths, and gave them a complete defeat, on Easter day of the year 403. He pursued them to the mountains, and for that time saved Rome.

In the joy of victory, the Roman Senate invited the conqueror and his ward Honorius to enter the city in triumph, at the opening of the new year, with the white steeds, purple robes, and vermilion cheeks with which, of old, victorious generals were welcomed at Rome. The churches were visited instead of the Temple of Jupiter, and there was no murder of the captives; but Roman bloodthirstiness was not yet allayed, and, after the procession had been completed, the Coliseum shows commenced, innocently at first, with races on foot, on horseback, and in chariots; then followed a grand hunt of beasts turned loose in the arena; and next a sword dance. But after the sword dance came the arraying of swordsmen, with no blunted weapons, but with sharp spears and swords – a gladiator combat in full earnest. The people, enchanted, applauded with shouts of ecstasy this gratification of their savage tastes.

Suddenly, however, there was an interruption. A rude, roughly robed man, bareheaded and barefooted, had sprung into the arena, and waving back the gladiators, began to call aloud upon the people to cease from the shedding of innocent blood, and not to requite God's mercy, in turning away the sword of the enemy, by encouraging murder. Shouts, howls, cries, broke in upon his words; this was no place for preachings – the old customs of Rome should be observed –"Back, old man!"–"On gladiators!"

The gladiators thrust aside the meddler, and rushed to the attack. He still stood between, holding them apart, striving in vain to be heard. "Sedition! sedition!", "Down with him!", was the cry; and the prefect in authority himself added his voice. The gladiators, enraged at interference with their vocation, cut him down. Stones, or whatever came to hand, rained upon him from the furious people, and he perished in the midst of the arena! He lay dead; and then the people began to reflect upon what had been done.

His dress showed that he was one of the hermits who had vowed themselves to a life of prayer and self-denial, and who were greatly reverenced, even by the most thoughtless. The few who had previously seen him, told that he had come from the wilds of Asia on a pilgrimage, to visit the shrines and keep his Christmas at Rome. They knew that he was a holy man – no more. But his spirit had been stirred by the sight of thousands flocking to see men slaughter one another, and in his simple-hearted zeal he had resolved to stop the cruelty, or die.

He had died, but not in vain. His work was done. The shock of such a death before their eyes turned the hearts of the people; they saw the wickedness and cruelty to which they had blindly surrendered themselves; and since the day when the hermit died in the Coliseum, there has never been another fight of gladiators. The custom was utterly abolished; and one habitual crime at least was wiped from the earth by the self-devotion of a humble, nameless man. ♦

THE BIBLE

by Fulton Oursler

No wiser book exists in philosophy, in ethics, in human relations. Counsels for every problem – for infidelity, bankruptcy, persecution, bereavement, loneliness – are free to every reader. Between the covers of this best seller of all time lie the secrets of success in this world and the next, detailed maps of the road to peace, the passport to eternal life.

This best seller is the Holy Bible.

But many men and women of today have never learned how to read the Bible; how to drink of the water of life that rises from the deep well of Truth that is the Book of Books. The proper study of the Scriptures can be one of life's most exciting and rewarding experiences.

The Bible is not always easy reading, but most editions contain additional matter which explains and illuminates obscure parts. It is a great mistake not to read such supplementary material, which makes dark passages full of light.

Some of the Bible is hard to grasp because translation is always a difficult task, trying to say the same thing the same way with chameleon words that change color and sense. It is a long and tortuous journey, from Hebrew, from Greek, from Aramaic, through Latin, to the English of Shakespeare, down to the idiom of today's America. Words and phrases undergo changes of meaning even inside a lifetime. But the meaning of the Word of God survives unchanged, if we take the trouble to learn how to read it.

A hundred reference works stand ready to help us; popularizations, too; retellings (various modern translations are open to us) faithfully transplant the precise meanings into today's language, the inflections of modern usage.

With the help of such books we can face a second barrier – the fact that we are thousands of years removed in time from the usages and customs of the men and women of Scripture.

A city dweller may walk the woods for hours, and see nothing but trees and earth and shadows. Without a trained guide his trip is a waste of time. So a man may stumble through the pages of the Bible, blind to everything but the "begats" and the "verily verilys."

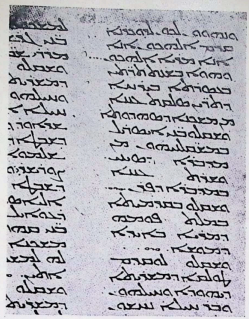
Or he can employ a guide, and so open his eyes to infinite delight. Any mood, any need is answered in the Bible. Here is unrivaled poetry in the Song of Solomon and the Psalms. Kings and armies breathe life into history on other pages. Yet it is also a vast storehouse of entertainment. The first detective story is in the Old Testament. Plots thicken on every page: with kidnapings, mistaken identity, murder, hairbreadth adventure leavening the simple bread of life and love and death.

But how do you read the Bible? Even an alert mind, and a guide to brush away obscurity are not enough. We must read with our hearts and our souls as well.

In the past men used to read one chapter at a time, beginning with Genesis – and all too often never finishing. They reduced a sublime adventure to a daily chore. Any pastor, any public librarian, can introduce inquirers to books that will be like guides along the paths of the wonderful texts. With such helps, the Bible opens a vision of a new heaven, a new earth, a new life here on earth.

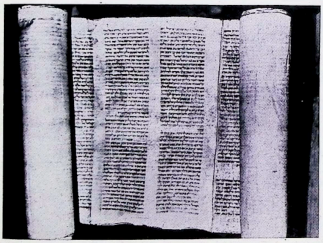
In this one book are the two most interesting personalities in the whole world – God, and yourself. The Bible is the story of God and of man, a love story in which you and I must write our own ending, an unfinished autobiography of the creature and the Creator.

Read it, with your mind awake, your heart open, your soul afire, and you will find hope, treasure, and an eternal new world. ◆



This part of the Pentateuch, copied in 464 A.D., is the earliest exactly dated Bible manuscript yet known. It is in Syriac, an Aramaic language.

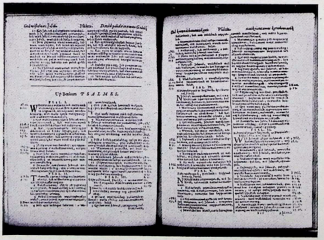
From the ancient documents,
carefully and reverently inscribed by
men whose ways would be
strange to us, the modern editions
of the Bible have been evolved.
Each age seeks to interpret
the Bible according to its own
changing concepts, but the source
material has changed little
through the centuries in which
the Old and New Testaments
have influenced human thought and action.
The scrolls and later versions here
reproduced show the gradual
emergence of the Bible as
hundreds of millions of people
throughout the world know it today,
translated into nearly 900 languages.



For many centuries, much of the Bible was available only on scrolls. Typical is this portion of an ancient Hebrew Torah. It is 70 feet long and contains Genesis, Exodus and Leviticus, all hand-lettered.

The first English Bible did not appear until 1383, when John Wycliffe, an itinerant preacher, completed the above translation from the Latin Vulgate version. He copied the entire Bible by hand.

Dated 1611, this copy is a first edition of the most famous of all English Bibles, the Authorized version. Sponsored by King James I, 54 scholars labored continuously from 1604 to 1610 to produce it.



Fittingly, the first Bible printed in America—Cambridge, Mass., 1663—was this translation into an Indian dialect, the Algonquin. It was the work of John Eliot, famous "Apostle to the Indians."

DON'T

FEAR GREAT BOOKS

by John Erskine

The fact that a book is famous is enough to scare off some people who, if they had the courage to open the pages, would find there delight and profit.

We make the mistake of fearing that the immortal things of art must be approached through special studies and disciplines. We comfort ourselves on the principle of sour grapes, by deciding that even if we were prepared to read the classics, we should find them dull. But one explanation of any long fame is that it was deserved. The men who wrote these books would have been horrified if they had known that you and I might think of them only as matter for school and college courses. They wrote to be read by the general public, and they assumed in their readers an experience of life and an interest in human nature, nothing more.

The method I should advise in reading great books is a simple one. I should try, first of all, not to be awed by their greatness. Then I should read without any other preparation than life has given me—I should open the pages and find out how much they mean to me. If I found my experience reflected in some parts of the book and not in others, I shouldn't worry about those blind spots. They may be the fault of the book in those places—it may be out of date.

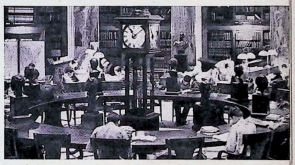
It is more prudent of me to suppose, what is just as likely, that my own experience is perhaps a little thin in the regions those parts of the book dealt with. To find out which is so, I should read the book a second time, and a third. Whether or not the repeated readings clear up the difficult pages, they will show me new meanings in the part I already understand.

When we encounter these dead spots in books supposed to be masterpieces, and when we are humble enough to explain them by some insufficiency in ourselves, the impulse is to go for help to other books, to works of criticism. It is much more profitable to go directly to life. I won't say that no aid can be had from other people, but most of the experimenting we can do on ourselves.

We can overhaul our experience, to find the material needed to understand the book; we can open our eyes to life about us, and find the material there. It is fatal to suppose the great writer was too wise or too profound for us ever to understand him. To think of art so is not to praise but to murder it, for the next step after that tribute will be neglect of the masterpiece.

It is advisable to sample as many of the great books as we can, for the first ones we come to may not be those which reflect us most completely. But once we have found our author, we have only to read him over and over, and after a while to read out from him, into the authors who seem kindred spirits. When the reader has found himself in two great authors, he is fairly launched.

But the books should be read over and over. Until we have discovered that certain books grow with our maturing experience and other books do not, we have not learned how to distinguish a "great" book from just a book. ♦



Books are the world's memory.
In them is preserved the record of
human thought, action, experience,
and intellectual activity.
We are, it is true, heirs of the
ages, but our heritage consists
to a large extent of books,
and what we are pleased to call
progress is made possible
mainly through their aid.

—HARRY C. ALDIS

WHIRLING ILLUSION

by George Balanchine

At present day performances of the ballet, some of which actually cannot be understood without program notes, the audience is constantly referring to the libretto to learn, perhaps, that the two women on the stage are mother and daughter and that the gentleman who enters is the brother-in-law of one of them.

In earlier times the things in a ballet which could not be conveyed in simple dance movements were told in pantomime. However, this elaborate art is almost completely neglected now, and has been increasingly replaced by written "plots."

The important thing in ballet is the movement itself. A ballet may contain a story, but the visual spectacle, not the story, is the essential element. The choreographer and the dancer must remember that they reach the audience through the eye—and the audience, in its turn, must train itself actually to see what is performed upon the stage. It is the illusion created which convinces the audience, much as it is with the work of a magician. If the illusion fails the ballet fails, no matter how well a program note says it has succeeded.

Everything cannot be conveyed by ballet, only those things which can be shown on the stage. Dance is not as inclusive an art as literature. Many things, however, can be shown or implied by the simple means of entrances, exits, solo dances, *pas de deux* or group movements. Moreover, as in music, the audience should be able to enjoy the movement regardless of the story.

The dance proves that movement is important in itself, for though the other visual arts, such as painting and architecture, are stationary, dance is continually in motion and any single position of a ballet is before the audience's eye for only a fleeting moment.

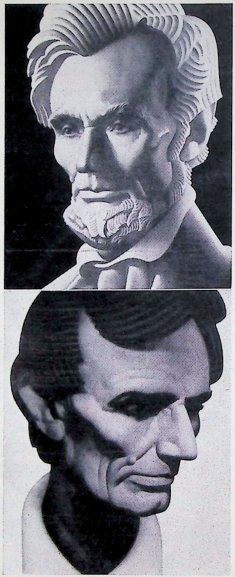
Perhaps the eye does not see motion, but only these stationary positions, like single frames in a cinema film, but memory combines each new image, and the ballet is created by the relation of each of these positions, or movements, to those which precede and follow it. This accounts for the fact that action photographs of performances of many ballets do not show anything because they catch only attitudes, the flavor and meaning of which depend on their place in a steady progression.

Choreographic movement, used to produce visual sensations, is quite different from the practical movement of everyday life used to execute a task: to walk, to lift an object, to sit down. Choreographic movement is an end in itself, and its only purpose is to create the impression of intensity and beauty. No one intends to produce beautiful movements when rolling barrels or handling trains or elevators. The object of the dancer's technical training is to enable him to perform with perfect ease choreographic movements, movements not limited by considerations of practical, daily life.

All ballet positions and movements are based on two principles: horizontal alignment of each movement in space, and the vertical balance of the human figure. The alignment is an invisible horizontal line on which the dance is built; it extends unbroken from the point where the dance begins to where it ends. Upon it the movements of the dancers exist, as upon a thread a string of pearls is held.

The vertical balance of the human figure is the basis of the positions from which every ballet movement originates and in which every ballet movement ends. In the five initial positions the body is balanced on both feet. When a movement is started with one foot from one of these positions, the body remains balanced on the second, supporting foot, erect, as though an invisible vertical line were drawn from the dancer's head to the floor.

If movement is the main, perhaps the only, means of presenting the art of dancing in its full significance, it is easy to understand the importance of connecting movements to each other with subtle care, yet at the same time emphasizing, by contrast, their continuity. The steps which a dancer has learned are, when separate, devoid of meaning, but they acquire value when they are coordinated as parts of a continual, rhythmic flow. ♦



Lincoln heads by William P. Welsh

Abraham Lincoln has been the subject of more books, plays and pictures than any single figure in American annals. Many have been the work of the world's master craftsmen, each of whom has seemed to find his own interpretation of the Lincoln character. These often vary widely though none detracts from the greatness of the subject. WISDOM here presents varied conceptions of Lincoln, as expressed by word, brush and camera.

STRANGE FRIEND *and* FRIENDLY STRANGER

by Carl Sandburg

Lincoln was fifty-one years old when he first ran for president. With each year of his life since he had become a grown man, his name and ways, and stories about him, had been spreading farther and farther among plain people and their children.

So tall, with so peculiar a slouch and so easy a saunter, so bony and sad, so quizzical and comic, sort of hiding a funny lantern that lighted and went out and that he lighted again – he was the Strange Friend and he was the Friendly Stranger.

Like something out of a picture book for children, he was. His form of slumping arches and his face of gaunt sockets were a shape a Great Artist had scrawled from careless clay, and was going to throw away, and then had said: "No, this one is to be kept; for a long time this one is to be kept; I made it by accident but it is better than many made on purpose."

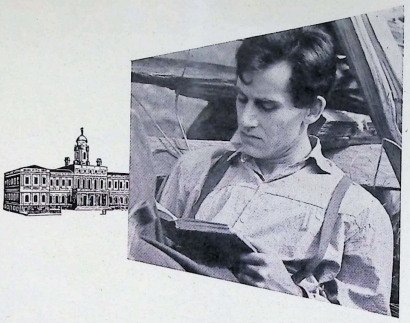
He looked like an original plan for an extra long horse or a lean tawny buffalo, that a Changer had suddenly whisked into a man-shape.

Almost there were times when children and dreamers looked at Abraham Lincoln and lazily drew their eyelids half shut and let their hearts roam about him – and they half-believed him to be a tall horse-chestnut tree or a rangy horse or a big wagon or a log barn full of new-mown hay – something else or more than a man, a lawyer, a Republican candidate with principles, a prominent citizen – something spreading, elusive, and mysterious.

People sketched his form and look, as D. W. Wilder of Hiawatha, Kansas, did: "Lincoln had legs you could fold up; the knees stood out like that high and hind joint of the Kansas Grasshopper."

His eyes and hair were baffling. His law partner, William Herndon, said his hair was dark brown, almost black. Others saw it as black shaded to a sandy tinge. Lincoln himself described it as "coarse

LINCOLN IN THE WHITE HOUSE by DEAN CORNWELL



Lincoln as portrayed by actor Henry Fonda

LINCOLN VISITING THE WOUNDED *by Pruett Carter*

black." His eyes were chiefly gray; but one shrewd observer saw a tint of hazel; the color of his eyes shaded to a hint of brown just as his hair did.

He didn't wear clothes. Rather, clothes hung upon him as if on a rack to dry, or on a loose ladder up a wind-swept chimney. He had clothes to keep the chill or the sun off. They seemed to whisper, "He put us on when he was thinking about something else."

There were serious people who believed Lincoln to be a good man, a keen and a kindly man, with a smart head on him and a big heart. Yes, he was all this. But he was not a Great Man. He was hardly great enough to be a United States senator, let alone a President of the United States. They had heard of his telling stories. Or they had listened to him telling these stories. And they had laughed at the stories.

And these serious people didn't want a Laughing President. There never had been a Laughing President. At the head of the Government should be a solemn man who was constantly grave and dignified in his deportment.

And there were still other people, not so many, who wondered what it would be like to have a plain, awkward shambler like Lincoln in the White House at Washington. There never had been a Laughing President. Why not try one once? Why not see what an easy-going fellow like Lincoln would do in the presidential chair?

But, besides the Laughing Lincoln there was the Sad Man. "He looks as if he had lost all his friends," was a common remark. He recited poetry as from the depths of grief that could not be sung nor spoken.

He had told Herndon he would come to some terrible end; he didn't know what; it was a fate that lurked ahead. The melancholy of Lincoln bothered Herndon, who could not understand the saturated and impregnated woe that steeped Lincoln and made Lincoln a Man Alone.

Everybody knew him and nobody knew him. He seemed to have more secrets about himself, that he kept to himself, than any one else in Illinois. "The most reticent man I ever saw, or expect to see," said Judge David Davis, in whose court Lincoln practiced twelve years. Some of his reticences were not evasions but retirements to cloisters of silence. Questions of life and destiny shook him close to prayers and tears in his own hidden corners and byways; the depths of the issues were too dark, too pitiless, inexorable, for a man to open his mouth and try to tell what he knew.

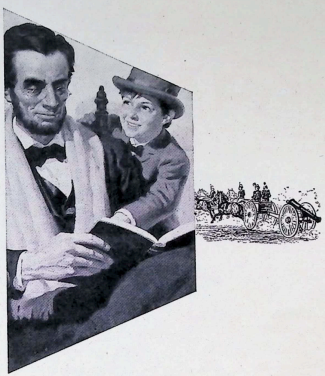
There was a word: democracy. Tongues of politics played with it. Lincoln had his slant at it. "As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy."

He believed, "Improvement in condition is the order of things in a society of equals."

In going to New Salem as a young man he had been, in his own words, "a piece of driftwood floating down the Sangamon." He was, in moods, a drifter, letting the wind and weather of history have their way with him, and taking no credit for the inevitable.

"When ignorant on any subject, no matter how simple, he was always willing to acknowledge it. In eating, sleeping, reading, conversation, study, he was regularly irregular, with no stated time

BOY LINCOLN AND HIS MOTHER *by M. Leone Bracker*



LINCOLN AND TAD *by Frederic Mizen*

for eating, no fixed time for going to bed, none for getting up," said Joshua Speed.

He loved trees, was kin somehow to trees. Pine, cedar, spruce, cypress, had each their pine family ways for him. He had found trees and men alike; on the face of them, the outside, they didn't tell their character. Life, wind, rain, lightning, events, told the fibre, what was clean or rotten.

The year of the big debates a boy had called out, "There goes old Mr. Lincoln," and Lincoln hearing it, remarked to a friend, "They commenced it when I was scarcely thirty years old."

Often when people called him "Old Abe" they meant he had the texture and quaint friendliness of old hand-made Bibles, old calf-skin law books, weather-beaten oak and walnut planks, or wagon axles always willing in storm or stars.

In many a prairie cabin by candlelight as the snowdrifts piled, and another crock of apples was passed to those who sat by the wood fire, the tale had been told of Abe Lincoln driving a two-horse team on a road heavy with mud. It was sunset time and Abe had his back to the sunset. And he met another driver with a two-horse wagon. Both knew that whoever turned out would be up to the hubs in mud, almost sure to get stuck.

"Turn out," the other fellow called.

"Turn out yourself," called Abe.

The other fellow refused. Then Abe, with his back to the sunset, began to rise from his seat in the wagon, rising and rising, his tall shape getting longer and longer against the setting sun, as he was saying, "If you don't turn out I'll tell you what I'll do."

And the other fellow hollered: "Don't go any higher. I'll turn out." And after he had struggled through and passed by Lincoln, he called back, "Say, what would you have done if I hadn't turned out?"

Lincoln answered, "I'd've turned out myself."

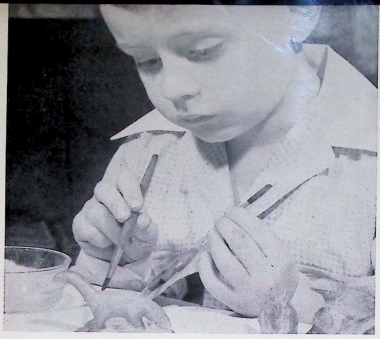
The left corner of Lincoln's mouth had the lines of a laughing man. But the right corner had a droop; he could say, "I laugh because if I didn't I would weep."

Sometimes a poetry of fine wisdom in short words came from his tongue as carelessly as raindrops on high corn. Milt Hay, whose law office was on the same floor as Lincoln's, told Joe Fifer and others about a goat Lincoln met on the street one morning going to the office.

"Boys had been deviling the goat to make for people and butt them off their feet," said Hay, "and this morning Lincoln with his hands folded behind him, and his chin sunk in his bosom, comes along the street. And the goat makes for him. Well, Lincoln could be pretty quick when he wanted to be. And he stooped over and his two hands got hold of the two horns of the goat.

"Then Lincoln dropped down, put his face close to the goat's face and slowly drawled: 'Now - there - isn't - any - good - reason - why - you - should - want - to - harm - me; - and - there - isn't - any - good - reason - why - I - should - want - to - harm - you. The - world - is - big - enough - for - both - of - us - to - live - in. If - you - behave - yourself - as - you - ought - to, - and - if - I - behave - myself - like - I - ought - to, - we'll - get - along - without - a - cross - word - or - action - and - we'll - live - in - peace - and - harmony - like - good - neighbors.'"

Then Lincoln lifted at the two horns, dropped the goat over a high fence, and ambled up the street. ♦



The Gifted Child

by Paul Witty

Most people expect very bright children to be peculiar. The child of eight who knows the exact dates of countless historical events, the girl of seven who can recognize most of the celebrated music of the ages, or the boy of ten who can discuss the implications of the Malthusian theory—these are generally looked upon as "peculiar," "eccentric," or "queer." This enlightened article, by one of America's greatest authorities on the psychology and education of children, reveals that, on the contrary, such gifted children are not only wholesomely normal but are the nation's most valuable single asset.

For generations now we have viewed gifted children with a mixture of envy, awe, and derision. We all want our children to be bright – to be able to do their lessons easily and to get along well in the world – perhaps to do just a little better than most of the youngsters in the block. But the idea of a prodigy or child-genius frightens us. We may think of the gifted youngster as a spindly-legged, spectacled, emaciated creature lost behind a staggering tower of books. And in our scorn we may lose sight of a great opportunity. *By our indifference we are sacrificing our most precious natural resources – our gifted and talented children.* We are sacrificing potential leaders with the same abandon with which we plowed under fields of potatoes. And unlike the potatoes, lost or unrecognized talent cannot be re-sown.

No one group is responsible for neglecting our gifted children. Parents and teachers and other adults share the blame. Probably you've heard words like these before: A teacher in an overcrowded city school says, "I have to let the bright ones find their own way. The slow learners take my whole time. Anyway, the bright children can take care of themselves."

A father says, "Sure, I know our Harry's bright. But we don't want him in special classes. My wife and I don't want a child-genius around the house. He'll get along okay as he is."

A working mother says, "They wanted Dave to study drawing. Said he might make a good architect. But we haven't the money for fancy education. Better for Dave to learn something practical so that next year when he gets out of high school he can get a good job. Why should he spend years studying when he could be self-supporting?"

Across the country ring the same words: "They're odd." "They're bright enough to get along on their own." "Who's got the money for this sort of thing?" And from all over the country come the haunting examples of lost talent: the mechanic who might have been an outstanding engineer; the bank clerk, who showed great promise as a mathematician; the sign painter who had the potential for becoming a creative artist; the office worker who could have been a distinguished scientist; and the clerk who might have become a great musician.

Our attitudes of scorn and indifference are indeed unfortunate. From the standpoint of sheer selfishness, we cannot afford such waste. We need every ounce of talent, every spark of brilliance, every flare of ingenuity if we are to continue to maintain our place in the modern world. Moreover, by our neglect and indifference, we are being unfair to the children themselves. We are, through our attitudes, depriving these youngsters of an opportunity to attain their top levels of achievement and to live happily and productively.

Our first step in cutting down the waste of gifted human beings is to learn more about them. Who are our gifted children? One group of educators has defined the gifted child as "one whose performance in a potentially valuable line of human activity is *consistently* remarkable."

Mickey can do algebra at the age of 7. At 10, Karl has been invited to be violin soloist at a concert to be given by the summer symphony. Because of her organizing and leadership abilities, 17-year-old Elaine has been elected three successive years to lead a state-wide young people's organization. Claude knows a way to convert a conventional television receiver into a set that will receive color TV – and he's just 16. And Bill, at 10, has written poetry that already has been published.

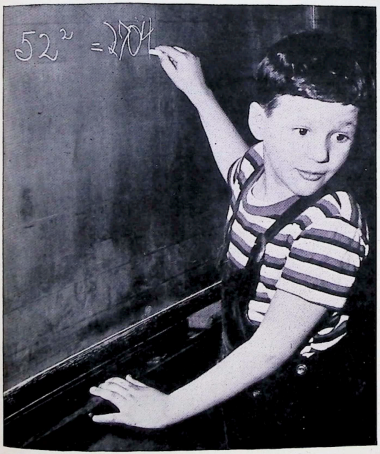
Each one of these youngsters is a gifted child. Each one is capable of accomplishing things that we wouldn't normally expect young people their ages to be able to accomplish – things that would be difficult or impossible for many adults to do.

If we look closely at the abilities of these youngsters, we will discover that each has his own special type of talent. Each is gifted in his own way:

1. Mickey has intellectual gifts (high general intelligence).
2. Karl has one kind of artistic gift. Bill has another.
3. Elaine has special leadership abilities.
4. Claude has creative ability in mechanical fields. (He is capable of thinking of new ways of making things.)

For most purposes educators have considered children with IQ's or intelligence quotients over 130 as gifted. An IQ of 100 is considered average, and any score that is considerably above that figure indicates that a child has superior intelligence.

No one is really sure how many children with high mental endowments there are in the United States today. It has been estimated, however, that of the 33,000,000 school children in the United States today, about one or two per cent have IQ's of 130 or more. This means that America has an army of between 300,000 and 600,000 children who may be considered moderately or highly gifted. One of these may one day be the Edison, the Ford, the Lindbergh, the Curie, or the Einstein of his time.



There is another vast army of gifted youngsters; how many we do not know. They are the young people who have special abilities in the arts; who have the kind of creativity that enriches the world's literature, music, and art. And then, too, there are those children with special leadership abilities. Actually, we have no estimate of the number of these youngsters. But it is undoubtedly large—larger perhaps than the number of intellectually gifted. These children, too, need to be helped.

Talent and intelligence know no boundary lines of race, class, or nationality. Although those gifted children who come from the upper social and economic classes stand a better chance of being discovered than those whose families are poorer, it has been shown that the bright and the talented come from squalid homes as well as from mansions.

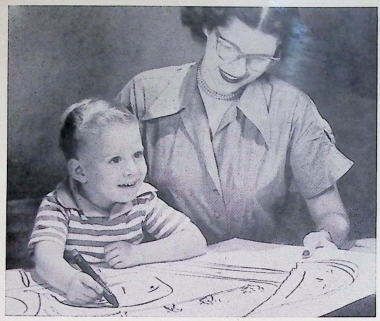
And unlike Texas oil, Iowa corn, or Nevada silver, gifted children are found in every region and every state—in villages and on farms as well as in large cities. It has been estimated that 50 per cent of our gifted children both in elementary and secondary school live in communities too small to furnish them with special facilities and programs to develop their abilities. And even those gifted youngsters who live in urban areas need more help than they are getting. There are, in fact, very few special schools and classes for the gifted, and those that do exist are in a few large cities such as New York and Cleveland. Elsewhere the gifted move through our schools with few or no provisions made for their special needs.

At one time or another most of us have wiped our foreheads and blessed our forefathers for being good, solid, average stock. No inventions to speak of but no institutions either; no fancy degrees but lots of good friends; no *Who's Who* but plenty of practical sense.

There's nothing strange about this reaction. It's as inevitable as the coming of spring. It is only natural for the less able to resent the more able, for the average to look with distrust upon the above average. In an attempt to preserve our own sense of worth, to salve our own egos, our minds permit us to rationalize and bring the giant down to normal size.

True, our feelings may be natural, but are they realistic? Is the gifted child truly a small monster in big glasses? Does he hover dangerously close to the brink of insanity? Is he disliked by his peers and feared by his parents? Will he end at 50 as a broken down has-been or as a social misfit?

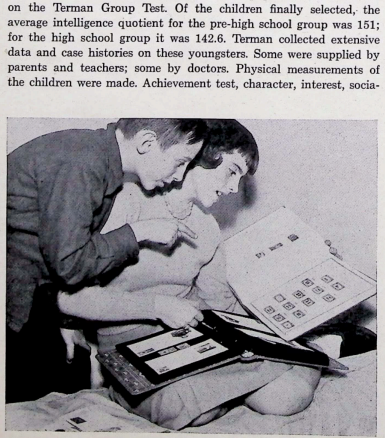
Let's take a look at the facts! There is probably no better way



to get a true picture of the typical bright child than by examining the studies made at Stanford University in California by Lewis Terman, a psychologist and a pioneer in this field.

In 1921, Dr. Terman began his comprehensive study of the gifted human being. He selected 1,528 students from all parts of California for his research. In that group there were 857 boys and 671 girls. Seventy per cent of the subjects were of pre-high school age with an average age of 9.7 years; the remaining 30 per cent were in the secondary school systems with an average age of 15.2 years.

To be included as one of Dr. Terman's gifted guinea pigs, a grade school child had to have an IQ of 140 as determined by the Stanford-Binet intelligence test, and a high school pupil had to score 135 on the Terman Group Test. Of the children finally selected, the average intelligence quotient for the pre-high school group was 151; for the high school group it was 142.6. Terman collected extensive data and case histories on these youngsters. Some were supplied by parents and teachers; some by doctors. Physical measurements of the children were made. Achievement test, character, interest, sociability, and personality tests were also given to them. From this mass of facts and figures, and from follow-up studies made some 25 years later, Terman and the rest of the world began to get a clear, composite picture of the gifted child and his development.



First of all, the studies showed that the gifted child was above average as a physical specimen. He was taller, stronger, healthier, and had greater muscular control than his classmates. Whether it was Popeye's spinach, plenty of cod-liver oil, or good medical attention, no one knows, but Terman found that bowed legs, defective eyes, and shallow chests were less frequent among his gifted group than among the school population generally. Moreover, he discovered that on the whole the gifted were better looking than their classmates.

The youngsters in Terman's study were apt to be younger than the other students in their classes. Nevertheless, they were capable of doing even more advanced schoolwork than they were doing. A great many of the group had no formal education at all before they were 6 or 7 years of age (a few not until they were 8 years old). Despite this, they were educationally far above the average child of their age. This shows that, in our school systems, there is no close relation between the *amount of time* a gifted child spends in school and the *amount he learns*, particularly in the early years. Native intelligence, home background, and previous experience seem to count more.

In school these children, on the average, did superior work in all subjects, not merely in one. They showed their greatest flairs in reading, arithmetic, language usage, science, and the arts. They were, on the whole, less interested and less proficient in history, civics, and spelling. Penmanship was decidedly not a gift of the gifted.

The language development of these children was remarkable, and was revealed when they were very young by their questions.

The study showed that the gifted child developed a great interest in books very early in his life. About half of the Terman group were reading before they ever entered school, and the great majority of these early readers had had no formal instruction. By the time they were 10, almost all of them had developed a pronounced interest in atlases, dictionaries, and encyclopedias. They read biography, history, books on science and geography. They also devoured a few more comics than their average friends, but they abandoned them earlier.

Contrary to popular thought these were children of many and varied interests. They experimented with amateur physics, chemistry, and photography. They collected stamps. They were enthusiastic about birds, flowers, stars, and animal life. Many had followed the same hobby for years, and some pursued three or four hobbies at the same time. At 9, they knew more games and the rules of those games than most children do at 12.

When it came to the personalities of these children some amazing things were revealed. These youngsters showed less inclination than average children to boast—although their performances in most areas were superior. In addition, they were less apt to cheat on school exams than other children. They had more wholesome social attitudes and were emotionally more healthy than their classmates. In short, they were better all-around subjects, and when they differed from the population, these differences were usually desirable ones.

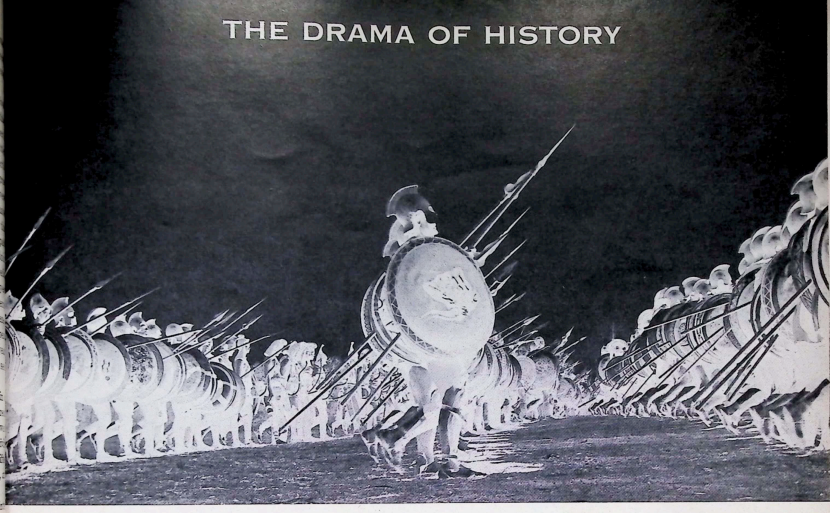
Contrary to popular belief, the study showed that brains, brawn, and beauty are often found in the same person, and that the law of compensation does not apply to the gifted.

Of course, it goes without saying that no composite picture is ever truly accurate. Gifted children fall into many patterns as do children generally. Some of the talented presented personality and behavior problems, some were physically weak, and some cheated on tests. But on the whole, it seemed that the gifted represented the cream of the crop intellectually, emotionally, and physically.

"I'm not very worried about Charles now," you say. "His teacher

(continued on page 77)

THE DRAMA OF HISTORY



The history of the past is but a mere puppet-show.
A little man comes out and blows a little trumpet—and goes in again.
You look for something new; and lo!
Another little man comes out, and blows another little trumpet—and goes in again.
—LONGFELLOW

by Henry Thomas

According to Anatole France, history is the record of human suffering. According to Bernard Shaw, it is the transcript of human stupidity. To Voltaire, it is a chronicle of injustices, misfortunes and crimes: "We have only histories of persecution and war; we have no histories of tranquillity and peace." And to Rousseau history is "The art of choosing, from among many lies, that one which most resembles the truth."

All the above definitions, however, are more facetious than factual. History, said the 19th century English historian, Henry Thomas Buckle, proves neither the vices nor the virtues, neither the sadness nor the happiness of mankind. It is merely a demonstration of the influence of geography upon human character. Not only do the location and the climate of a country determine the nature of its inhabitants, but the inhabitants are instinctively seeking to amplify their nature by changing their environment.

Moreover, said Buckle, the history of mankind is largely an attempt for the land-locked nations to find an outlet to the sea. Most of the great wars of the past—and, were he alive today, he would have added the two great wars of the twentieth century—were the outcome of the human effort for expansion toward ports of embarkation and toward islands that could be used as stepping stones for refueling and trading and further expansion.

And therefore, agreed many—altogether too many—historians, let us turn our histories into glorifications of battles and warriors and kings. For these alone count; nothing else is important. The prevailing fashion in history for almost twenty-five centuries was to magnify the virtues and the victories and to minimize the vanities and the vices of the "great expansionists"—the aggressors and the exploiters and the tyrants of the world.

This tendency was finally carried to such a pass that the school children were compelled to swallow their history in doses of kings and conquests and dates. "And Xerxes led his hosts across the Hellespont... And the Peloponnesian War lasted from 431 to 404 B.C.... And Alexander invaded Persia... And Caesar beheaded Vercingetorix ... And the Second Punic War ended with the Battle of Zama..." And so on and on, ad nauseam.

This evaluation of history as a chronicle of royal births and battles led to the pronouncement of Carlyle that history is the biography of great men. "Universal history," he said, "is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here. They are the leaders of men, these great ones; the modelers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain."

The masses of mankind, in other words, are of no consequence. The masters alone are the backbone of history. Yet Carlyle advanced beyond the mere worshippers of warriors and chroniclers of kings. For he measured greatness not by birth, but by endowment. Moreover, he included among his great men not only the princes but the prophets, not only the leaders who conquer and kill, but also the teachers who enlighten and inspire. Yet the only important lesson of history, maintained Carlyle, is the supremacy of the hero and the necessity of hero-worship.

Emerson, on the other hand, saw history, not a medium for hero-

worship, but an instrument for distinguishing the true heroes from the false. Also, it is a warning against the men of blatant insolence and a voucher for the men of silent devotion. Among those whom Emerson selected as the most worthy of our admiration were Buddha, Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Goethe – prophets, philosophers, mystics, teachers, poets, seers – men of vision, understanding, loyalty and thought. Yet Emerson's conception of history, like Carlyle's, was a still-life picture of individuals rather than a moving panorama of masses of men.

Closely allied with the *individual* conception of history is the *racial* or the *national* conception. This theory has led to a great deal of prejudice and misunderstanding and hatred and strife. For it is based upon the unwarranted assumption that Nature has selected a handful of people as her creation and rejected all the rest of mankind as her spawn.

All this racial theorizing, object the historians of another school, is not only vicious but nonsensical. There is no such thing as a *superior* race, or even a *pure* race. Every race and every nation is a mixture of many elements that have come together from many parts of the world and have intermarried again and again in the course of many generations.

History is not the exclusive story of individual nations, or of individual men. It is *the story of mankind* – the record not only of the great folk but of the "little people." What we need, declare the historians of this school, is a *social* history of the world – a record of the slow and difficult and courageous struggle of the masses against the masters. To understand mankind, we need to become acquainted not with the *uncommon* but with the *common* people.

But this, too, is a one-sided view of history. The stream of human existence carries all sorts of traffic, big as well as small. The function of the historian is to observe and to evaluate *all* of the traffic, not merely a *part* of it.

And so there arose a new school of historians. This school worked on the theory that only a philosopher has a right to be a historian. For the philosopher "sees life steadily and sees it whole." As reviewed through the eye of the philosopher, history is the record of man's

material, intellectual and ethical progress – the spectacle of his emergence from savagery into barbarism, and from barbarism into the first glimmering light of civilization.

In the historian's presentation of this spectacle, the kings and the battles must have their day, the great men their due respect, and the little people their right to be heard. Human history, in short, must be shown to be co-extensive with human life.

Yes, agrees Croce, the philosopher observes history – as all of us should observe it – from a reviewing stand. For history is "philosophy in motion" – a pageant not only of human deeds but of human ideas.

History is a re-vision of the past for the enlightenment of the future. The reason why we so consistently repeat our past stupidities and errors and crimes is that our historians have improperly observed them and inadequately interpreted them.

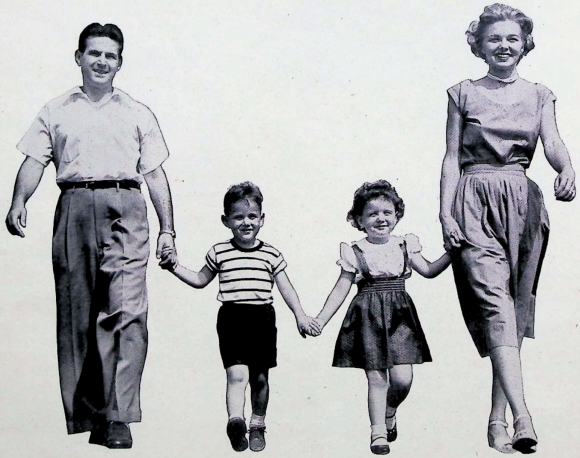
The historians give too little time to their task, and the world produces too few historians. For, to write the history even of one period, it requires the lifetime study of several observers who must examine the different aspects of that period from their different points of view.

The summary of their examination – this is the *universal* view of history as advanced by Spinoza, Bergson, and Bossuet – would point to one conclusive truth: *History is the Drama of Providence enacted against the backdrop of eternity.*

The plot is rational, inevitable, and complete. Nothing happens by chance. Every act, every line, every life is a necessary part of an integrated whole. Every written history is a condensation of the drama, and the history is as valuable as the condensation is accurate. But accuracy alone is not enough. The adequate history must be not only faithful to, but representative of, the spirit of the original. To understand the entire spirit, we must get the entire view.

When we read a history of kings, or of battles, or of individual ambitions of countries or races or men, we are like prisoners chained in a cell looking out upon the world through a narrow window. We see but a little part of the landscape, and we get no clear idea of the fusion of this little picture into the landscape of the universe. It is the final purpose of history to give us a complete story of the universe. And this is nothing less than a complete philosophy of life.

CONQUEST



Happiness is the meaning and the purpose of life, the whole aim and end of human existence.

— ARISTOTLE

OF HAPPINESS

by Bertrand Russell

Happiness is not, except in very rare cases, something that drops into the mouth, like a ripe fruit. For in a world so full of avoidable and unavoidable misfortunes, of illness and psychological tangles, of struggle and poverty and ill-will, the man or woman who is to be happy must find ways of coping with the many causes of unhappiness by which each individual is assailed.

In some rare cases no great effort may be required. A man of easy good-nature, who inherits an ample fortune and enjoys good health together with simple tastes, may slip through life comfortably and wonder what all the fuss is about. A good-looking woman of an indolent disposition, if she happens to marry a well-to-do husband who demands no exertion from her, and if after marriage she does not mind growing fat, may equally enjoy a certain lazy comfort, provided she has good luck as regards her children. But such cases are exceptional.

Most people are not rich. Many people are not born good-natured. Many people have uneasy passions which make a quiet and well-regulated life seem intolerably boring. Health is a blessing which no one can be sure of preserving. Marriage is not invariably a source of bliss. For all these reasons, happiness must be, for most men and women, an achievement rather than a gift of the gods, and in this achievement, effort, both inward and outward, must play a great part.

Happiness depends partly upon external circumstances and partly upon oneself. Certain things are indispensable to the happiness of most men, but these are simple things: food and shelter, health, love, successful work and the respect of one's own herd. To some people parenthood also is essential.

Where these things are lacking, only the exceptional man can achieve happiness. Where they are enjoyed, or can be obtained by well-directed effort, the man who is still unhappy is suffering from some psychological maladjustment. If it is very grave, he may need the services of a psychiatrist, but it can in ordinary cases be cured by the patient himself, provided he sets about the matter in the right way.

Where outward circumstances are not definitely unfortunate, a man should be able to achieve happiness, provided that his passions and interests are directed outward, not inward.

It would be our endeavor, therefore, both in education and in attempts to adjust ourselves to the world, to aim at avoiding self-centered passions and at acquiring those affections and those interests which will prevent our thoughts from dwelling perpetually upon ourselves.

It is not the nature of most men to be happy in a prison, and the passions which shut us up in ourselves constitute one of the worst kinds of prisons. Among such passions some of the commonest are fear, envy, the sense of sin, self-pity and self-admiration. In all these our desires are centered upon ourselves. There is no genuine interest in the outer world, but only a concern lest it should in some way injure us or fail to feed our ego.

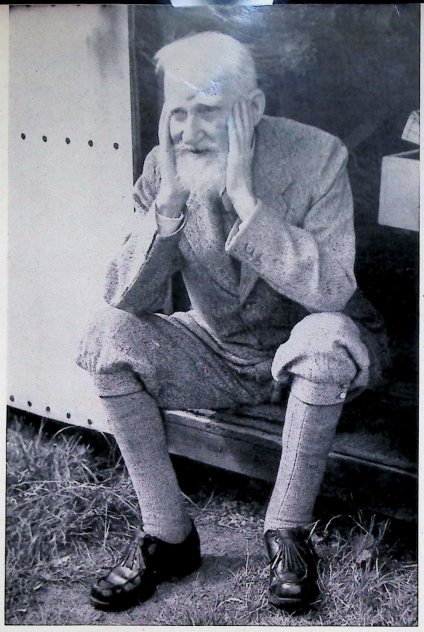
Fear is the principal reason why men are so unwilling to admit facts and so anxious to wrap themselves round in a warm garment of myth. But the thorns tear the warm garment and the cold blasts penetrate through the rents, and the man who has become accustomed to its warmth suffers far more from these blasts than a man who has hardened himself to them from the first.

One of the great drawbacks to self-centered passions is that they afford so little variety in life. The man who loves only himself cannot, it is true, be accused of promiscuity in his affections, but he is bound in the end to suffer intolerable boredom from the invariable sameness of the object of his devotion. The man who suffers from a sense of sin is suffering from a particular kind of self-love. In all this vast universe the thing that appears to him of most importance is that he himself should be virtuous.

The happy man is the man who lives objectively, who has free affections and wide interests, who secures his happiness through these interests and affections and through the fact that they, in turn, make him an object of interest and affection to many others. To be the recipient of affection is a potent cause of happiness, but the man who demands affection is not the man upon whom it is bestowed. The man who receives affection is, speaking broadly, the man who gives it. But it is useless to attempt to give it as a calculation, in the way in which one might lend money at interest, for a calculated affection is not genuine and is not felt to be so by the recipient.

What then can a man do who is unhappy because he is encased in self? So long as he continues to think about the causes of his unhappiness, he continues to be self-centered and therefore does not get outside the vicious circle. If he is to get outside it, it must be by genuine interests, not by simulated interests adopted merely as medicine. Although this difficulty is real, there is nevertheless much that he can do if he has rightly diagnosed his trouble.

The happy man is the man who is neither divided against himself nor pitted against the world. Such a man feels himself a citizen of the universe, enjoying freely the spectacle that it offers and the joys that it affords, untroubled by the thought of death because he feels himself not really separate from those who will come after him. It is in such profound instinctive union with the stream of life that the greatest joy is to be found. ♦



I often quote
myself. It adds spice
to my conversation.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

G. B. S.—Professional Genius

by John Mason Brown

Of course, *Pygmalion* had a preface—even on the screen. Otherwise it would not have been Shaw's. There was the Old Gentleman himself, reading it as only the world's best actor could. There he was, looking like that most unlikely of mortals, a prophet with a sense of humor. There he was, exuding the charm which is held to be Irish and was known to be his. As usual, he was smiling his way through immodesties and overstatements calculated to win attention and laughter. No less characteristically, he was distributing insults as if they were cookies, and persuading people to gobble them up as such.

And what was he saying in his role of self-appointed headmaster to the universe? "You will have to make up your mind that you will lose me presently, and then heaven only knows what will become of America. I have to educate all the nations. I have to educate England. Several Continental nations require a little educating, but America most of all. And I shall die before I have educated America properly, but I am making a beginning."

All this was in 1938 when Shaw was a mere stripling of eighty-two. Now he is gone, and for many of us there is a kind of emptiness in the world. How the citizens of Rhodes felt when an earthquake toppled over the Colossus in their harbor, we do not know. We do know, however, the incredulity with which we face a universe with-

out Shaw. In spite of increasing signs of his fatigue and warnings that he, too, must die, we had come to take his being here for granted. He was so palpably a natural phenomenon that we are bound to feel as if Niagara had dried up or Old Faithful had ceased to erupt.

No one under seventy can pretend to have experienced the full detonating impact of Shaw when first he released the armory of his audacities against Victorianism in its every form. Those septuagenarians find it difficult even now to describe the heady delight and happy amazement with which they read him in their youth. They followed him gladly, not quite understanding or daring to understand, but with the joy of the emancipated. Although we, their children, got there later, there were plenty of wonders left and countless surprises.

In *Sixteen Self Sketches* Shaw's explanation of why he had never written a complete autobiography was that "things have not happened to me: on the contrary it is I who have happened to them." This was a statement, however unshrinking, of a Truth from which no one can shrink. Shaw was not only a genius; he was an event. Someone likened him to a centipede with a foot in every cause. The range of his curiosities was so prodigious that the sun never set on his interests. From economics to religion, from government to painting, from history to music, drama to medicine, vivisection to literature, the causes of war to the difficulties of peace, or yesterday's news to creative evolution, his mind leapt untiringly and with an athlete's prowess.

It was an extraordinary mind put to extraordinary uses. No one can read a page of Shaw's prefaces, his journalism, his letters, or his better plays without feeling its lunge, its force, magnificence, sparkle, and originality. It was an intellect giant-sized yet agile. In the field of letters only Voltaire's has been comparable with it in its mixture of lightness and vigor. It worked overtime and hummed like a dynamo.

It was an ebullient mind as sudden in its contradictions as it was constant in its brilliance. If it borrowed freely and unashamedly the coinage of other men's thinking, it nonetheless managed to melt down what it had appropriated and remint it into a currency glitteringly golden and unmistakably Shavian. Its lacks were plain enough, but its virtues were plainer still. It spoke for a man who had the courage to say what he felt instead of what he ought to have felt, and who possessed to a supreme degree a genius for illumination, stimulation, revelation, and provocation.

"It is an instinct with me," he once boasted, "to attack every idea which has been full grown for ten years, especially if it claims to be the foundation of all human society." This explains why his thinking wavered over the decades. This is why his opinions were subject to change without notice and beyond anticipation. His variability was a part of his irreplaceable value. His surprises were unceasing. What mattered most in Shaw was not what he thought but that he made others think.

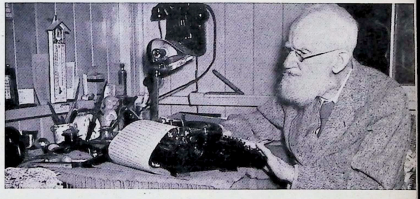
Shaw has seemed a titanic egotist. Take, for example, his assertion, "I should have been a clerk still if I had not broken loose in defiance of all prudence and become a professional man of genius — a resource not open to every clerk." Or his famous explosion, "With the exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his."

So far as Shakespeare was concerned, he was (from his love and profound understanding of Shakespeare's merits) merely trying to make "a fellow creature" out of the Bard who had been "a divinity" and "a bore." When it comes to Shaw's reference to himself as "a professional man of genius," he would have been a liar had he described himself in any other terms.

By temperament and habit Shaw was an honest man. The truth as he saw it, which was the truth as very few others had seen it or could bear to face or state it, always mattered more to him than such manners as the world expected. If, as he put it, he could not respond to the "demand for mock-modesty," neither was he ever guilty of mock-conceit. No one capable of writing and thinking as Shaw did could have failed to realize that when he wrote he was outwriting and outthinking other men.

Said he in 1944, "When I contemplate what I know and have done (not that I ever do), I have a high opinion of myself. When I contemplate what I don't know and cannot do (which I am often forced to do), I feel as a worm might if it knew how big the world is." He was equally candid when, in a passage dashed off nearly a half-century earlier, he wrote, "I am ashamed neither of my work nor of the way it is done. I like explaining its merits to the huge majority who don't know good work from bad. It does them good; and it does me good, curing me of nervousness, laziness, and snobishness . . . I leave the delicacies of retirement to those who are gentlemen first and literary workmen afterwards. The cart and trumpet for me."

Shaw never ceased being one of G.B.S.'s favorite subjects, and he made him a favorite subject throughout the world. No one has ever written about him so well as he has, and no one ever will. He was his own advance man to his own circus which beyond question was the Greatest Show on Earth.



As he phrased it, "Half my time is spent in telling people what a clever man I am. It is no use merely doing clever things in England. The English do not know what to think until they are coached, laboriously and insistently for years, in the proper and becoming opinion. For ten years past, with an unprecedented pertinacity and obstination, I have been dinning into the public head that I am an extraordinarily witty, brilliant, and clever man. That is now part of the public opinion of England and no power in heaven or on earth will ever change it. I may dodder and dote; I may pot-boil and platitudinize; I may become the butt and chopping block of all the bright, original spirits of the rising generation; but my reputation shall not suffer. It is built up fast and solid, like Shakespeare's, on an impregnable basis of dogmatic reiteration." This was 'way back in 1898 and must be hailed as one of Shaw's more accurate prophecies.

Plato got along very nicely by contenting himself with being Plato. But Shaw was a modern Plato who could not resist also being Puck and Pantaloon. When it came to clowning, he could be downright silly. The gags he got off for the benefit of the wire services were often feeble, sometimes in questionable taste, and never dignified. If Shaw dispensed with dignity, however, it was not only because it was alien to his nature but because he did not need it. He had something far rarer and finer to offer. He had grandeur.

His wit delighted the public but misled it. Conventional people were confused by a man who said grave things gaily. Their belief

(continued on page 79)

The Trial of SOCRATES

by R. Cornelius Raby

Leaving out of consideration the trial and crucifixion of Jesus Christ, there is probably no finer example of tranquil courage and resignation in the face of persecution and death than that of Socrates, the first great iconoclast.

For years he had been the foremost teacher and philosopher of Greece. Men were attracted by his simple and forceful utterances which set at defiance the conventionalities of his day and exposed the fallacies of current opinion. Because his teachings were regarded as inimical to the religious system of the Greeks, and as he steadfastly refused to retract his statements, he was finally summoned, in the year 399 B.C., to answer trial on the charge of impiety and corrupting the youth of the nation.

The case of Socrates came before the Heliastic Court, a judicial body consisting in the aggregate of six thousand citizens, six hundred from each of the ten tribes, who were chosen by lot. An odd number of these, ranging from 201 to 1001, constituted a local branch of this tribunal, and a majority vote of the judges was sufficient to convict the defendant in a criminal cause. The court which tried Socrates consisted of 501 judges.

The judges of this court, who were termed dicasts, were not all versed in the law, and their functions were more like those of a jury than of a judge. They simply listened to the evidence and then cast their votes according to the evidence or the prejudice of their own minds. Although the proceedings generally followed a set formula, they were subject to spontaneous interpolations from the judges, who were free to interrupt the speakers with questions or comment appropriate to the moment.

The indictment against Socrates was brought by Meletus, who is mentioned in the classics as an insignificant youth whose enmity had been incurred by Socrates' criticism of the poets. The other chief accusers were Anytus, an Athenian general who had a personal grievance against Socrates, and Lyco who, according to history, seems to have been a shiftless individual of no particular importance.

In the "Apology" and other dialogues of Plato we have a detailed first-hand narrative of the defense of Socrates and of his conduct after the trial. As to the nature of the evidence adduced by the prosecution, the record is somewhat obscure, but a little may be gathered from the allegations and from the answer made by Socrates in his own defense.

"Socrates is a criminal and a busybody, investigating the things beneath the earth and in the heavens, and making the weaker argument appear stronger, and teaching others these same things; he corrupts the youth and does not believe in the gods the state believes in, but in other new spiritual beings." These seem to have been the substance of the charges preferred by his accusers.

"And so persuasively did they talk," said Socrates, "that I almost forgot my own identity; and yet there is hardly a word of truth in what they have said."

In the course of his address to the court, Socrates evinced less anxiety to avert his conviction than to justify his conduct. His fatalistic turn of mind and his dauntless independence served, in fact, to impair the effectiveness of his defense. In substance his answer was a general denial of the main charges, although he admitted the facts upon which they were based.

"And I shall not change my conduct," he defiantly added, "even if I am to die many times over."

The vote of the judges stood at 221 for acquittal and 280 for conviction. The laws did not prescribe a penalty for the offense charged in the indictment, so this remained to be determined after conviction. The practice in such cases was for the prosecution to propose a penalty, while the accused had the privilege of naming an alternative. The court was then obliged to choose between the two penalties proposed, no compromise being permitted.

Meletus demanded the penalty of death. Socrates, with character-

istic irony, suggested that in recognition of his services, the sentence should be to have his meals served in the prytaneum at the public expense, an honor customarily conferred upon the victors in the Olympic games. Speaking seriously, however, at the promptings of his friends who were present, he proposed a fine of thirty pieces of silver; but the court assessed the penalty of death.

In an inspiring address to the court after sentence had been pronounced, Socrates showed his total unconcern at the prospect of an approaching death.

"This which has happened to me," he said, "is doubtless a good thing, and those of us who think death is an evil must be mistaken. For the state of death is one of two things: either it is virtually nothingness, so that the dead has no consciousness of anything, or it is, as people say, a change and migration of the soul from this to another place.

"And if it is unconsciousness, like a sleep in which the sleeper does not even dream, death would be a wonderful gain. But on the other hand, if death is, as it were, a change of habitation from here to some other place, and if what we are told is true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing could there be?"

Socrates was condemned to die by drinking poison upon the return of the ship which every year sailed to Delos to commemorate the fabled victory of Theseus over the Minotaur, by which fourteen youths and maidens of Athens were rescued from destruction. It was a law of the city that no one could be executed during the annual cruise of this vessel on its ceremonial mission.

In the interval between his sentence and its execution, the friends of Socrates conspired to release him from prison and send him out of the country. Socrates, however, declined to enter into their plans. So pure was his patriotism that not even to save his life would he consent to an act by which the laws of the state might be brought into discredit.

The touching scene at the enforced suicide of Socrates in prison, to which his intimate friends were admitted, is realistically described in Plato's "Phaedo." When the jailer approached with the cup of poison, Socrates said to him:

"Well, my good man, you know about these things; what must I do?"

"Nothing," was the reply, "except drink the poison and walk about till your legs feel heavy; then lie down, and the poison will take effect of itself."

Socrates took the cup and very gently, without trembling or changing color of expression, but looking up at the man with wide open eyes, as was his custom, said: "I must pray to the gods that my departure hence be a fortunate one; so I offer this prayer and may it be granted."

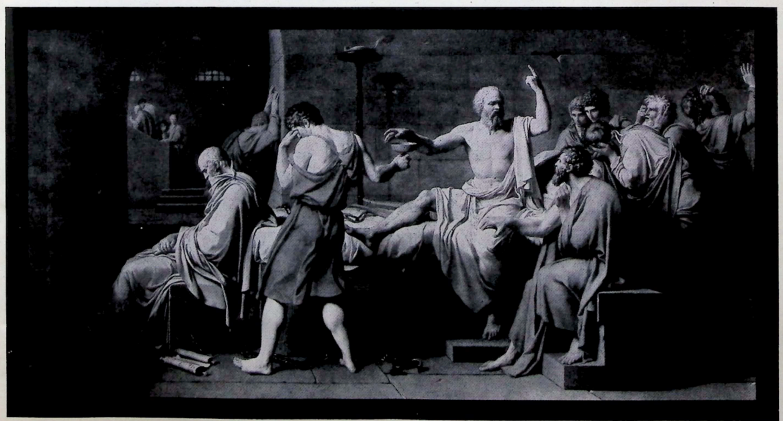
With these words he raised the cup to his lips and very cheerfully and quietly drained it. At this, his friends could not restrain their tears, but Socrates said, "What conduct is this, you strange men! I sent the women away chiefly for this very reason, that they might not behave in this absurd way; for I have heard that it is best to die in silence. Keep quiet and be brave."

He walked about until his legs were heavy, then lay down on his back. The attendant pinched his foot hard and asked if he felt it.

"No," he said; and so with his thighs, which had grown cold and rigid.

When the chill had reached the region of the groin, Socrates uttered his last words, which were: "Crito, we owe a cock to Aesculapius. Pay it and do not neglect it." To a further question he made no reply, but after a little while he moved. The attendant uncovered him; his eyes were fixed.

"Such was the end," relates the chronicler, "of our friend, who was, of all those of his time whom we have known, the best and wisest and most righteous man." ♦



THE DEATH OF SOCRATES *by Jacques Louis David*

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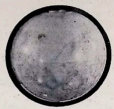

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Art of Living

by Lin Yutang

To talk to Americans about the joy of work is like preaching industry to the bees. Even if it is true, it may be woefully misunderstood.

One may commend "hard work" and some reader may imagine that I am commending a Marathon race with a man's own nervous system. For if there is anything unnatural in American life, it is this perpetual straining of the nervous fibre, this inability to accept quiet, the unwillingness to let the world alone for a while, the failure to insist on the right to unemployment for certain hours of the day. Perhaps this has become natural in American life. But in no country in the world except the United States has man so wronged himself.

What is natural in nature has become unnatural in man, and what is unnatural has become natural. God created all animals to play as well as to hunt for a living; only men make slaves of men. One soon forgets to listen to the wind in the pine forest, or watch the robin on the lawn. Life, even human life, was never meant to be that way.

What does man want in life? Does he want to change the universe? Time flows for ever; the past cannot be recaptured and the future is uncertain; only the day, the present hour, is a solid good. Perhaps the best way to thank God for the gift of living is to appreciate the present hour, to sit quietly and hear your own breathing and look out on the universe and be content.

One can see Time flow sometimes; one does not have to do something to pass the time; time can pass by itself. And there is infinite pleasure in watching the color of the day change from hour to hour and being able to say to oneself, "I have passed a perfect leisurely afternoon." Such perfect afternoons are entirely possible. There is no intrusion upon one's solitude – not one telephone call, no television. One sees from the window only a child falling and bruising her leg, nothing serious, and young lovers and middle-aged couples sitting quietly on benches under trees. The world goes by. It is enough.

Or perhaps you have spent three hours in the garden, trimming branches or saving some young sprouts, or clearing the weeds and improving the garden path under a cloudless sky, and you have just come in and lit a pipe. You have been left alone, free and careless, with the passage of time, and in those hours of freedom and utter disregard for all that happens in the outside world, you have won a majesty and dignity you have seldom felt before. You have regained possession of yourself.

How rarely one dares to steal such a perfect day and snatch freedom from time itself! The day passes and you are one day older. Tomorrow there is work; let's put a solid wall of sleep between the two. It is a good human life.

Hurry toward a material objective does take away from the reflective spirit and the capacity for contemplation. Maturity of spirit is the one quality of mind that, like wine, cannot be produced in a hurry. The breadth of spirit, the delight of insight, and the full and free luxuriant flowering of thought – these are the qualities which, like wine, must mellow for decades in dark, cool, undisturbed cellars.

I feel that there is too much hurry and not enough reflection and contemplation in American life and thought. It would indeed be ironic if the securing of the greatest material freedom should produce also a tendency toward conformity, and mitigate against individuality and spiritual development. ♦

Audubon's Birds

had to wait

For a century, John James Audubon has remained unchallenged as the supreme American artist in the field of ornithology. Yet few people are aware of how slight was the margin by which he was saved from the oblivion that all but swallowed him up before he created his bird masterpieces. This is the story of that narrow escape.

by Edward A. Muschamp

The day Tom Lincoln's boy Abe was ten years old – February 12, 1819 – a small advertisment appeared in one of the Louisville newspapers announcing that a portrait artist had lately arrived in town and was now open for engagements.

Prospective patrons were assured all portraits would be "strong likenesses" and that the charges would be very reasonable – only $5 per picture. And by way of demonstrating the quality of his merchandise, the artist drew a few portraits gratis and presented them to the subjects.

Thus John James Audubon found in a single magic package the three things he most needed at this particular time: the stepping stone that enabled him to climb quickly out of the all but submerging mire of his recent commercial disasters – a perpetual "meal ticket" that was to serve him and his family for as long as he cared to use it, and, most important, the first glimmering of a realization it might be possible for him to earn a living by using the talents with which nature had endowed him.

For twelve years he had striven as best one of his disposition could to establish himself as a business man and provide for his family. But disaster and discouragement had confronted him at every turn in the road, and now at the age of 34 and with a wife and two small children, without a dollar to his name, he was forced to turn to his own natural talents.

From time to time he had made a few rough sketches of his wife and some of his Indian friends and the results had been fairly satisfactory. But he was far from confident total strangers would like his work or be willing to pay him to make their portraits, and it was "with the heaviest of burdens, a heavy heart," that he finally left Henderson – his portfolio of precious but seemingly worthless bird pictures under his arm, and his rifle across his shoulder, and turned toward Louisville.

"This," as he afterwards wrote, "was the saddest of all my journeys – the only time in my life when the wild turkey that so often crossed my path and the thousands of lesser birds that enlivened the woods and the prairies, all looked like enemies, and I turned my eyes from them, as if I could have wished that they had never existed."

But fate was kind to Audubon, even if the world had not been, and besides, he was a much better portrait artist than he suspected. Moreover, those were the heydays of the itinerant portrait artist. Louisville, with its population of 4500 and growing rapidly, seemed to be made to Audubon's order.

"In the course of a few weeks," reads Audubon's account of his debut as a portrait artist, "I had as much work to do as I could possibly wish, so much that I was able to rent a house in a retired part of Louisville. I was sent for four miles in the country, to take likenesses of persons on their deathbeds, and so high did my reputation suddenly rise, as the best delineator of heads in that vicinity, that a clergyman residing at Louisville (I would give much now to recall and write down his name) had his dead child disinterred, to procure a facsimile of his face, which, by the way, I gave the parents as if alive, to their intense satisfaction."

On another occasion, while he was living in Louisville, Audubon was awakened one night by insistent knocking on his front door. The call came from a farmer who had driven into town, hunted up Audubon's home, and now begged the artist to return with him to his farmhouse and make a portrait of his mother who was dying. With a flickering candle for illumination, Aubudon made the much-desired portrait.

In Natchez, Mississippi, he found himself in need of shoes. So he walked around the town until he found a shoemaker's shop, offered to make a portrait of the cobbler and his wife, and obtained new shoes for himself and for a companion similarly distressed.

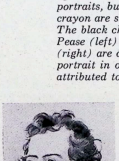
Stranded at Meadville, in the northwestern part of Pennsylvania, with only a dollar and a half between them and more than miles from their homes, Audubon and another companion – also an artist – were forced to solicit portrait work along the street to pay for their food and lodging and provide funds to continue their journey. In his account of this Meadville episode Audubon wrote:

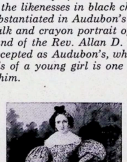
"We put our baggage and ourselves under the roof of a tavern keeper known by the name of J. E. Smith, at the sign of the Traveler's Rest, and soon after took a walk to survey the little village that was to be laid under contribution for our further support. I had opened the case that contained my drawings, and putting my portfolio under my arm, and a few good credentials in my pocket, walked up Main Street, looking to the right and left, examining the different heads which occurred, until I fixed my eyes on a gentleman in a store who looked as though he might want a sketch.

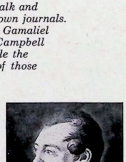
"I begged him to allow me to sit down. This granted, I remained purposely silent until he very soon asked me what was 'in that portfolio.' These three words sounded well, and without waiting another instant, I opened it to his view. This was a Hollander, who complimented me much on the execution of the drawings of birds and flowers in my portfolio. Showing him a sketch of the best friend I have in the world at present, I asked him if he would like one in the same style of himself.

"He not only answered in the affirmative, but assured me that he would exert himself to procuring as many more customers as he could.

John James Audubon's bird paintings brought him world-wide fame. But his portraits, under the scrutiny of experts, have stirred controversy. Some, first attributed to Audubon himself, are now claimed to be the work of one of his sons, John Woodhouse Audubon. No two art experts agree on the authenticity of the Audubon oil portraits, but the likenesses in black chalk and crayon are substantiated in Audubon's own journals. The black chalk and crayon portrait of Gamaliel Pease (left) and of the Rev. Allan D. Campbell (right) are accepted as Audubon's, while the portrait in oils of a young girl is one of those attributed to him.





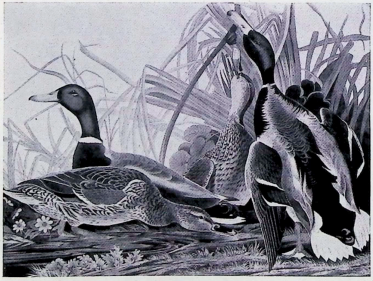


I thanked him and having fixed upon the next morning for drawing the sketch, I returned to the Traveler's Rest with the hope that tomorrow might prove propitious. Supper was ready, and as in America we generally have but one sort of table d'hote, we sat down, when, every individual looking upon me as a missionary priest, on account of my hair, which in those days flowed loosely on my shoulders, I was asked to say grace, which I did with a fervent spirit."

The next morning Audubon returned to the Hollander's store and at the latter's invitation set up an impromptu studio, the narrative continuing:

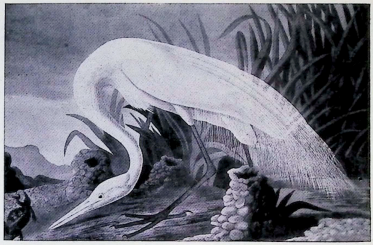
"See me ascending a crazy flight of steps, from the back part of a storeroom into a large garret extending over the store and counting-room, and mark me looking around to see how the light could be stopped from obtruding on me through no less than four windows facing each other at right angles. Then follow me scrutinizing the corners and finding in one a cat nursing her young among a heap of rags intended for the paper mill.

"A young gentleman sat to try my skill. I finished his phiz, which was approved of. The merchant then took the chair, and I had the good fortune to please him also. The room became crowded with the gentry of the village. Some laughed, while others expressed their wonder, but my work went on notwithstanding the observations which were made.



"My sitter invited me to spend the evening with him, which I did, and joined him in some music on the flute and violin. I returned to my companion with great pleasure, and you may judge how much that pleasure was increased, when I found that he also had made two sketches.

"The following day was spent much in the same manner. I felt highly gratified that from under my gray coat my talents had made their way, and I was pleased to discover that industry and moderate abilities prove at least as valuable as first-rate talents without the former of these qualities. We left Meadville on foot, having forwarded our baggage by wagon. Our hearts were light, our pockets replenished, and we walked in two days to Pittsburgh, as happy as circumstances permitted us to be."



On one occasion when he had made a trip up the Mississippi from New Orleans to Natchez, and, as was usually the case in those days, found his purse fell far short of his needs, Audubon persuaded the steamboat captain to permit him to pay for his passage by making portraits of the captain and his wife and presenting them with the pictures. On this same trip he also made portraits of several of his fellow passengers, which brought him some cash.

In New Orleans, after wandering about the streets for days in a vain search for work and with so little money he could not pay for a night's lodging, Audubon's skill as a portrait artist again came to his rescue, for he finally succeeded, as he wrote in his journal, "in making a hit with a portrait of a well-known citizen," and his picture, exhibited to the public, soon brought him orders for several more.

All Audubon's early portraits were done in crayon, chalk, charcoal, or pencil, because it wasn't until he reached New Orleans early in 1821 and became acquainted with a number of more experienced artists then living in New Orleans – including John Vanderlyn, later noted for his historical paintings – that he began experimenting with oils.

A fellow itinerant named George Stein gave Audubon his first lessons in the use of oils, and some years later when he visited Philadelphia, he received much helpful instruction and criticism from the celebrated portrait artist, Thomas Sully, who subsequently became one of his staunchest friends.

In his years of wandering Audubon doubtless made and sold hundreds of portraits, for he was in straitened financial circumstances almost continuously. He was an unusually rapid worker. But most of these pictures have long since disappeared – gone, probably, the way of so many other "old-fashioned" family relics and heirlooms.

Among the portraits attributed to Audubon is one of Henry Clay and his quaint portrayal of Anna Cora Mowatt, the actress – to prove Audubon might easily have won his way into the ranks of the most distinguished portrait painters of his time. ♦

Winston Churchill, in more than 60 years of renown in politics, literature and art, has said something memorable about nearly everything. His speeches and writings express knowledge, judgment and foresight in action; experience distilled from his distinguished role in shaping world-changing events. The breadth of Churchill's philosophy is mirrored in these passages.

from the Wisdom of WINSTON CHURCHILL

© KARSH

History with its flickering lamp stumbles along the trail of the past, trying to reconstruct its scenes, to revive its echoes, and kindle with pale gleams the passion of former days.

As the great scroll of history unrolls, many complicated incidents occur which it is difficult to introduce effectively into the pattern of the likes and dislikes of the epoch in which we live.

The human story does not always unfold like a mathematical calculation on the principle that two and two make four. Sometimes in life they make five or minus three; and sometimes the blackboard topples down in the middle of the sum and leaves the class in disorder and the pedagogue with a black eye.

Science, which now offers us a golden age with one hand, offers at the same time with the other the doom of all that we have built up inch by inch since the Stone Age and the dawn of any human annals. My faith is in the high progressive destiny of man. I do not believe we are to be flung back into abyssmal darkness by those fiercesome discoveries which human genius has made. Let us make sure that they are servants, but not our masters.

Our inheritance of well founded, slowly conceived codes of honour, morals and manners, the passionate convictions which so many hundreds of millions share together of the principles of freedom and justice, are far more precious to us than anything which scientific discoveries could bestow.

The power of man has grown in every sphere except over himself. Never in the field of action have events seemed so harshly to dwarf personalities. Rarely in history have brutal facts so dominated thought or has such a widespread individual virtue found so dim a collective focus. The fearful question confronts us: Have our problems got beyond our control? Undoubtedly we are passing through a phase where this may be so.

Man in this moment of his history has emerged in greater supremacy over the forces of nature than has ever been dreamed of before. There lies before him, if he wishes, a golden age of peace and progress. He has only to conquer his last and worst enemy—himself.

The only guide to a man is his conscience; the only shield to his memory is the rectitude and sincerity of his actions. It is very imprudent to walk through life without this shield, because we are so often mocked by the failure of our hopes; but with this shield, however the Fates may play, we march always in the ranks of honor.

We shall go forward together. The road upward is long. There are upon our journey dark and dangerous valleys through which we have to make and fight our way. But it is sure and certain that if we persevere, and we shall persevere, we shall come through these dark and dangerous valleys into a sunlight broader and more genial and more lasting than mankind has ever known. ♦

(continued from page 37)

Living with Your Heart

Many people think of heart disease as a single ailment with one underlying cause, such as diabetes, diphtheria, or typhoid fever. Actually, the term heart disease covers a variety of different diseases.

There are five common kinds of heart disease. Most of these are unrelated. But all involve the heart or blood vessels.

The first type is congenital malformation of the heart, present at birth, which accounts for about 2 percent of all heart disease. The second is syphilitic heart disease which appears as a late result of syphilis.

The three most important forms, which together account for more than 90 percent of all heart disease are: (1) rheumatic heart disease, (2) coronary heart disease, caused by hardening and narrowing of the coronary arteries (arteriosclerosis), and (3) hypertensive heart disease, resulting from high blood pressure (hypertension).

Against some of these types of heart disease, science has made significant advances.

As the syphilis rate decreases through use of penicillin, and by means of education and public health measures, the syphilitic form of heart disease must also decrease. Results may not be noticeable for some years. Diseases of the heart and aorta (the main artery) due to syphilis are not, as a rule, detected until ten to twenty years after the syphilis germ entered the body. Meanwhile, if syphilis is treated in its early stages, the development of syphilitic heart disease in later life may be avoided.

Serious congenital heart malformations are now being corrected by brilliant surgery, and hundreds of children who once faced early death or a life of hopeless invalidism have been saved.

For the tragic young victims of rheumatic heart disease there is less progress to report. Doctors now know that sulfa drugs given for long periods after the first attack of rheumatic fever will prevent recurrence, and it is often the later attacks that cause serious heart injury. Studies have shown that if a child can take one of the sulfa drugs without reactions, the recurrence of rheumatic fever can probably be prevented. Some children have been taking this drug daily for three or more years without any bad results.

Most doctors believe that each child who has rheumatic fever also suffers some damage to the heart. The heart muscle itself is injured, and as a result of this injury, the heart valves are scarred and deformed. Since the cause and cure of rheumatic fever are not known, doctors can only try to reduce the inflammation of the heart and prevent further recurrences. Rest in bed is the only treatment for this disease.

In adults, the problems of heart disease center around high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries. High blood pressure throws an enormous load on the heart, causing it to dilate and enlarge. This leads in some cases to heart failure and death.

In young and healthy people, and in older people with undamaged blood vessels, the arteries are highly flexible. Even under great strain they can adjust themselves to the burden of the temporarily enlarged and overworked heart.

But when the narrow arteries harden and lose their elasticity, the trouble starts. Pressure may weaken the wall of the artery and cause a rupture of the blood vessel. Damage to the blood vessels may reduce the nourishment to the heart muscle and bring on coronary heart disease. The severe pain in the center of the chest, angina pectoris, is frequently due to an insufficient blood supply to heart muscles.

Coronary thrombosis, most commonly known as a "heart attack," is usually caused by the sudden closing of a coronary artery by a blood clot or thrombus. This heart "accident" may cause immediate death, a severe heart damage, or less serious injury which may heal. It is not necessarily fatal. By following their doctor's orders, many people who have had a "coronary," have been able to live for years.

The moment coronary thrombosis occurs, the patient should be put in bed. Then a competent doctor will prescribe drugs to relieve the pain, making sure that the patient stays quiet until the condition of the heart warrants slight exertion, then controlling the patient's exertion so that activity can be gradually resumed.

Too many patients with arterial disease and heart damage are frightened unnecessarily. Others, who might be treated to lead useful, happy lives, are not warned in time of the danger they face. Sudden change in the blood pressure, shortness of breath, chest pains, short, sharp head pains, not typical of the ordinary headache, pains in left arm, numbness in the hands and feet, rapid pulse on slight exertion, and stubborn insomnia, all point to overstrain on the heart and blood vessels.

The presence of any of these symptoms calls for a definite change in the patient's way of living. To impress upon him the importance of the new routine, it may be necessary for the doctor to put to him the frank question of whether he wants to live. Unless he cooperates fully, the doctor's advice is a waste of time. ♦

10 points for the educated man

1 *An Educated Man* is one who is trained to use the tools of human intercourse with readiness, precision and accuracy. We mean, especially, language and the rudiments of number.

2 *An Educated Man must be able to study* and to think without guidance from others. He must be – to some extent – a thinker, not a mere imitator.

3 *An Educated Man* must have sufficient knowledge of nature to understand the main processes upon which human life and happiness depend.

4 *An Educated Man* knows enough *history* to enable him to understand the *main achievements of man.*

5 *An Educated Man* is acquainted with the major resources for intellectual and aesthetic enjoyment. He knows *nature, literature, music, and the other arts* sufficiently to choose superior to inferior enjoyments.

6 *An Educated Man* is marked by his interest as well as by his trained abilities. His attention is habitually attracted by significant rather than trivial objects, events, pursuits, and enjoyments.

7 *An Educated Man* must have not only this general culture, but also training for a specific occupation.

8 *An Educated Man* must have toward his fellows the habitual attitudes that are commonly called ethical – such attitudes as honor and honesty, helpfulness and good will and cooperation.

9 *An Educated Man* must have loyalties to at least some of the important organizations and institutions of society.

10 If there is an inclusive meaning in life, the sort of education that I have been outlining should include some apprehension of, and feeling for, the divine; the ideally educated man will reverence God, and know how to worship.

—GEORGE A. COE

GANDHI *on tolerance*

I do not like the word, "tolerance," but I cannot think of a better one.

It implies a gratuitous assumption of the inferiority of other faiths to one's own, whereas *ahimsa* teaches us to entertain the same respect for the religious faiths of others as we accord to our own, thus admitting the imperfections of the latter. This admission will be readily made by a seeker of Truth, who follows the law of Love.

If we had attained the full vision of Truth, we would no longer be mere seekers, but become one with God, for Truth is God. But being only seekers, we prosecute our quest, and are conscious of our imperfection.

And if we are imperfect ourselves, religion as conceived by us must also be imperfect. We have not realized religion in its perfection, even as we have not realized God. Religion of our conception, being thus imperfect, is always subject to a process of evolution and reinterpretation.

Progress towards Truth, towards God, is possible only because of such evolution. And if all faiths outlined by men are imperfect, the question of comparative merit does not arise. All faiths constitute a revelation of Truth, but all are imperfect, and liable to error.

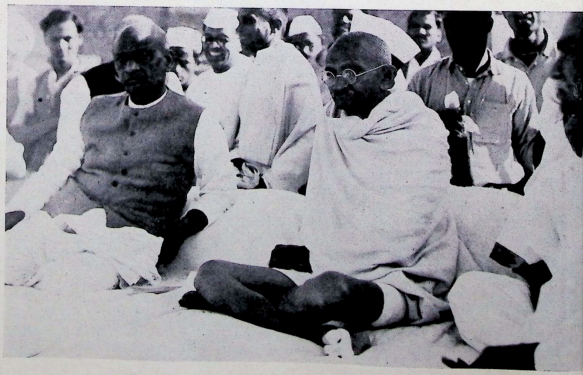
Reverence for other faiths need not blind us to their faults. We must be keenly alive to the defects of our own faith, and must not leave it on that account, but try to overcome those defects. Looking at all religions with an equal eye, we would not only not hesitate, but would think it our duty, to adopt into our faith every acceptable feature of other faiths.

The question then arises: Why should there be so many different faiths? The Soul is one, but the bodies which it animates are many. We cannot reduce the number of bodies; yet we recognize the unity of the Soul. Even as a tree has a single trunk, but many branches and leaves, so is there one true and perfect Religion, but it becomes many, as it passes through the human medium.

The one Religion is beyond all speech. Imperfect men put it into such language as they can command and their words are interpreted by other men equally imperfect. Whose interpretation is to be held to be the right one? Every one is right from his own standpoint, but it is not impossible that every one is wrong.

Hence the necessity for tolerance, which does not mean indifference towards one's own faith but a more intelligent and purer love for it. Tolerance gives us spiritual insight, which is as far from fanaticism as the North Pole is from the South. True knowledge of religion breaks down the barriers between faith and faith. Cultivation of tolerance for other faiths will bring a truer understanding of our own.

Tolerance obviously does not disturb the distinction between right and wrong, or good and evil. The reference here throughout is naturally to the principal faiths of the world. They are all based on common fundamentals. All have produced saintly men and women. ♦



Gandhi, inspirer of hundreds of millions throughout Asia, advocated a tolerance beyond tolerance—an active respect for other faiths. This view he urged on his followers, even in the trials of a passive resistance campaign which helped India gain her independence.

(continued from page 39)

Leonardo Da Vinci

subject-matter which he could mould to his own ends. He was calculating, penetrative, and rational. It took him three years to paint *The Last Supper.*

This masterpiece was finished in the year 1497. It was painted in the damp refectory of Saint Mary of the Graces, at the command of the Duke of Milan who wished to erect a memorial to his deceased wife in the church that had been her favorite place of worship. The theme had been in Leonardo's mind for years, and long before he received the commission he had made provisional studies for the work. The painting immediately lifted him above his contemporaries, and throughout the ages has remained not only the most famous picture in the world but the supreme exemplification of monumental design.

We next hear of him in Venice where he invented a diving-bell and swimming-belt, and at the opening of the new century he is in Florence again, deep in geometry and anatomy, and painting little. As field engineer for Cesare Borgia, he explored central Italy from coast to coast and proved himself a cartographer of immense skill.

He returned to Florence and prepared for one of the monasteries a cartoon of the *Virgin and St. Anne,* a study which caused great commotion in the greedy city. Shortly afterward, it was decreed that the Grand Council chamber, speedily completed after the expulsion of the Medici, should be decorated with martial scenes witnessing the power of Florentine arms, one wall being entrusted to Leonardo da Vinci, and the other to Michelangelo, a young man of unlimited promise. The city imposed on Leonardo the *Battle of Anghiari.* He chose a cavalry episode, a number of horsemen fighting for the lost standard, intending to paint the personification of bestial frenzy—the diametrical opposite of *The Last Supper.* But the painting itself came to grief. Leonardo, always trying new things, used an encaustic medium, and the colors, instead of fusing with the plaster under the action of heat, ran down the wall. The picture was ruined. Leonardo abandoned the work without more ado, and the Florentine council, naturally, was plunged in gloom.

The *Mona Lisa* shines out among the portraits of the world like a star. Though time has appreciably impaired the color of the picture, the glory of it increases with the passing years. The canvas hangs in the Louvre, a veritable shrine attracting pilgrims from every land, all of whom gaze upon it with a liquid reverence not accorded to any of the more essentially sacred pieces in that gigantic morgue. Fable and gossip have made the famous lady a strange and uncanny charmer, a sphinx whose smile entrapped the soul of a great artist and impelled him, bit by bit, to build up an image of unfathomable mystery. The image lives on, but the legend also endures—and the soul of the artist is buried in the mystery of a woman's smile.

The legend is damaged by several inconsistencies. Leonardo was not a youth at this time; he was in his fifties and venerable. He worked on the picture for four years, but not merely to preserve the features of a striking woman. Nor was much of the period devoted to Mona Lisa. Florentine artists did not paint directly from models but from black-and-white studies. Furthermore, we know that Mona Lisa posed for the head alone—the torso and hands were drawn from other sitters. Whatever he may have thought of the sitter, he prized the picture more, as an artist should, kept it in his possession to the end of his days.

His business with the city of Florence having ended in disaster, Leonardo departed for Milan again, taking the *Mona Lisa* with him. He never returned to Florence.

In Milan he superintended the building of canals and other public utilities. His painting was limited to two pictures, both religious, both of the highest importance. One, the London version of the *Madonna of the Rocks,* the other, *St. Anne with the Virgin and the Infant Christ,* now in the Louvre. The latter was his last great picture. The French were expelled from Milan, and he travelled to Rome to work for the Pope.

His visit to Rome was a mistake. Leo X, sleek and superficial, was busy exploiting Raphael's fresco factory, and could not understand a man of Leonardo's leisurely habits and interminable ponderings. At the end of two unprofitable years he journeyed to France, invited thither by Francis I, one of his warmest admirers.

Comfortably lodged in a chateau in Touraine, exempt from creative toil, he was eminently at peace with the world. His hands were paralyzed and he could not paint, but nothing could interrupt his speculations, his desire to discover the connection between all things so that he might create spontaneously, like God himself.

One day he wrote in his notebook, "When I thought I had been learning how to live, I had only been learning how to die." In his will he commended his soul "to our Lord Almighty God and to the glorious Virgin Mary, to all the blessed Angels and Saints, male and female, in Paradise." He died on the first of May, 1519, in his sixty-seventh year. ♦

THEIR LAST WORDS

LOUIS R. AGASSIZ The play is finished.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL *(dictating, though his wife said "please don't hurry")* But I have to. So little done. So much to do.

ARTHUR BRISBANE This is the best of all possible worlds.

JULIUS CAESAR Thou, too, Brutus, my son!

THOMAS CARLYLE So this is Death—well . . .

JACQUES CASANOVA I have lived as a philosopher; I die as a Christian.

EDITH CAVELL *(nurse executed by Germans in World War I)* I know now that patriotism is not enough; I must have no hatred and no bitterness toward anyone.

FREDERIC CHOPIN *(clutching the crucifix to his heart)* Now I am at the source of Blessedness!

CONFUCIUS No intelligent Monarch arises; there is not one in the kingdom that will make me his master. My time has come to die.

JEAN COROT In spite of myself I go on hoping . . . I hope with all my heart there will be painting in heaven.

CHARLES DARWIN I am not the least afraid to die.

RENE DESCARTES My soul, thou hast long been held captive; the hour has now come for thee to quit thy prison, to leave the trammels of this body; suffer, then, this separation with joy and courage.

EMILY DICKINSON I must go in, for the fog is rising.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS Tell me, Alexander, on your soul and conscience, do you believe that anything of mine will live?

MARY BAKER EDDY *(written)* God is my Life.

THOMAS A. EDISON *(arousing from a coma)* It is very beautiful over there.

CHARLES FROMAN *(theatrical manager)* Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure of life . . . Why fear death?

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE More light!

AL JOLSON This is it. I'm going, I'm going.

WILLIAM HOLMES McGUFFEY *(author of primary readers)* Oh that I might once more speak to my dear boys! But Thy will be done.

EDGAR ALLAN POE Lord help my poor soul.

WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER *(O. Henry)* Turn up the lights. I don't want to go home in the dark.

FRANCOIS RABELAIS Draw the curtain: the farce is ended.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT I have a terrific headache!

THE SECRET of Personal Power

by Norman Vincent Peale

"There is enough atomic energy in the body of one man to destroy the city of New York," says a prominent physicist. We read these words with a surface understanding but let us try to press them deep into our minds and realize them. There is enough power in *you* to blow the city of New York to rubble. That, and nothing less, is what advanced physics tells us.

That being so, and it is undeniable, why have an inferiority complex? If there is literally enough force in you to blow up the greatest city in the world, there is also literally enough power in you to overcome every obstacle in your life.

Pythagoras was absolutely right. "Know thyself," he urged. That includes knowing your powers. When you do know yourself and realize tremendous power within yourself, you will then know that you do not need to be a defeated person – defeated because you are beset by a false feeling of inferiority.

Quite possibly you often do feel defeated. Depression settles over you, bringing the disheartening feeling that there isn't much use in fighting on. Probably everybody is tempted to sink into this dull and gloomy attitude occasionally, but not everybody yields to it. Those who accept the idea that they are defeated usually *are* beaten; for, as a famous psychologist says, "There is a deep tendency in human nature to become like that which you imagine yourself to be." Believe you are defeated, believe it long enough, and it is likely to become a fact – even though "there is enough atomic energy in the body of one man to destroy the city of New York."

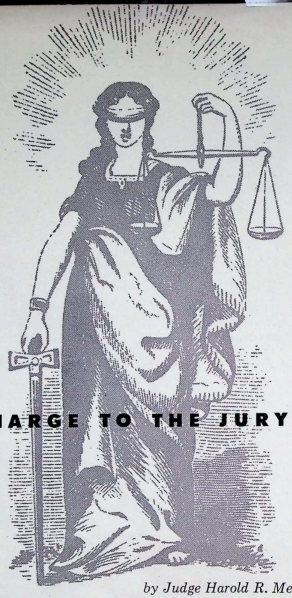
But notice: people who achieve happiness and success are those who when they tend to sink into a depressed mood shake it off by refusing to accept the idea of defeat. They refuse to entertain the thought that situations and circumstances, or their enemies, have them down. They know it is the *thought* of defeat that causes defeat, so they practice thinking positive thoughts. Indomitable thoughts, thoughts of faith surge through their minds. They train their minds to think victory. As a result they gain victory...

Know thyself – change thyself – that is very important. But there is an even deeper factor in eradicating inferiority, and it is to be found among the vast psychological riches of the Bible. Among the possible methods, one of the best and surest is the formula contained in the words, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Romans 8:31.)

Religious faith puts fight into a man so that he develops a terrific resistance to defeat. Obstacles no longer awe him. He uses obstacles as stepping stones to cross over from failure to success.

Fortitude and faith are the words. That is what keeps a man going when he seems defeated. Believe that if you put your trust in God and keep at things with unremitting energy and intelligence you, too, can build a solid foundation beneath you upon which you may mount up to victory.

Therefore, train your mind never to accept the thought of defeat about anything. That verse from the Bible makes an unbeatable inspiration in any situation: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Hold it habitually in mind and it will train you to believe in yourself by constantly reminding you that you have extra power available. ♦



CHARGE TO THE JURY

by Judge Harold R. Medina

To serve on a jury is a high duty to which all citizens may be called. The jury becomes the judge of fact, and on fact renders verdicts decisive to the lives of many after instruction in the law by the presiding judge. Judge Harold R. Medina, of New York, delivered this classic charge to the jury which made legal history and may well serve for the instruction of future generations.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: You now approach the performance of one of the most sacred duties of citizenship, the meting out of justice. Just after you were sworn in as jurors I took occasion to make a few remarks which I shall now repeat in somewhat different form, as the thoughts I then expressed are peculiarly applicable to the period of your deliberations in order to reach a just and true verdict.

I then told you to be patient and said that there are few qualities in life so important. I said that if you once get yourself in the frame of mind where you know that you have a task ahead and it has to be done carefully and it has to be done just right and you know that it will be wrong to let little things disturb you, then there comes a certain calm and peace of mind which are of the essence in the administration of justice.

When you get yourself in that frame of mind, you find not only that the task ahead becomes much easier, but in addition that the quality of your work in the administration of justice is of the quality that it should be. Justice does not flourish amidst emotional stress.

The rich and the poor, and persons of every race, creed and condition stand alike before the bar of justice; and you must consider and weigh the evidence carefully, calmly and dispassionately, without the slightest trace of sympathy or prejudice for or against any party to the proceeding . . .

It is obviously impossible to ascertain or prove directly what were the operations of the minds of the defendants. You cannot look into a person's mind and see what his intentions are or were. But a careful and intelligent consideration of the facts and circumstances shown by the evidence in any given case enables us to infer with a reasonable degree of accuracy what another's intentions were in doing or not doing certain things.

With a knowledge of definite acts we may draw definite logical conclusions. We are in our affairs continually called upon to decide from actions of others what their intentions or purposes are. And experience has taught us that frequently actions speak more clearly than spoken or written words. You must therefore rely in part on circumstantial evidence in determining the guilt or innocence of any of these defendants.

Circumstantial evidence may be received and is entitled to such consideration as you may find it deserves, depending upon the inferences you think it necessary and reasonable to draw from such evidence. No greater degree of certainty is required when the evidence is circumstantial than when it is direct, for in either case the jury must be convinced beyond a reasonable doubt of the guilt of the defendants. Circumstantial evidence consists of facts proved from which the jury may infer by process of reasoning other facts sought to be established as true.

Different inferences, however, may be drawn from the facts and circumstances in the case, whether proved by direct or circumstantial evidence. The prosecution asks you to draw one set of inferences while the defendants ask you to draw another. It is for you to decide and for you alone, which inferences you will draw. If all the circumstances taken together are consistent with any reasonable hypothesis which includes the innocence of the defendants, or any of them, the prosecution has not proved their guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, and you must acquit them.

On the other hand, if you find that all of the circumstances established by the evidence in this case, taken together, satisfy you beyond a reasonable doubt of the guilt of the defendants, in accordance with these instructions, it is your duty to find the defendants guilty.

Thus, if you find that the evidence has established to your satisfaction beyond a reasonable doubt that any defendant has violated the statute as thus construed by me, you will find such defendant guilty. Otherwise you will acquit him by a verdict of not guilty. Under these instructions you may find all the defendants guilty or all of them not guilty or you may find one or more of them guilty and the others not guilty . . .

I charge you that in arriving at your verdict you must not consider anything which the court has said with respect to the conduct of either the prosecution or counsel for the defense in the course of this trial as being any indication or suggestion or direction of the court to you as to what your verdict should be, nor shall you be influenced thereby in arriving at your verdict.

Now, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, one last word. If you find that the evidence respecting the defendants or any of them is reasonably consistent with innocence, such defendant or defendants should be acquitted. If you find that the law has not been violated, you should not hesitate for any reason to render a verdict of not guilty. But, on the other hand, if you find, in accordance with these instructions, that the law has been violated as charged you should not hesitate because of sympathy or other reason to render a verdict of guilty . . . ♦

(continued from page 54)

The Gifted Child

says he's the brightest boy in the room, but I know myself he's a pleasant, well-adjusted kid. What really worries me is what will happen to him when he grows older. You hear so many stories – not happy ones either."

What does happen to gifted children? Between 1940 and 1945, Dr. Terman made follow-up studies on his "cases" who had, by this time, grown into young adulthood. He discovered that the death rate for his group was much lower than that for the general population. There had been less alcoholism, delinquency, and crime among the gifted. The mental health of the group was slightly above average.

Eighty-four per cent of the subjects had married by 1944 (a large percentage when you consider that according to the 1940 census only 66.7 per cent of the men and 77.7 per cent of the women in the general population had made the trip to the altar). The children who had resulted from these marriages were not quite so bright as their gifted parents, but they still had IQ's averaging 127.7.

Ninety per cent of Terman's men and 86 per cent of his women had gone to college. Seventy per cent of the former and 67 per cent of the latter had graduated – a percentage 8 times greater than that for the total population of California. Sixty-eight per cent of the men and 60 per cent of the women had done graduate work.

On the average these gifted adults had participated in more extracurricular affairs *in* college and more community activities *after* college than their less gifted friends. They had far more of their number among professional and business leaders.

Many people believe that gifted children somehow "lose" their high intelligence as they grow older. But when Terman gave follow-up IQ tests to his group, he found that not one had regressed to the intelligence of the general adult public. In fact, all but 10 per cent scored higher than 85 per cent of all adults. One-third tested higher than the average Stanford Phi Beta Kappa or Ph.D. graduate.

It looks as though we may be wrong in the picture we have of the average gifted child and the kind of adult he becomes. The gifted child is not puny. He's big for his age, and he's healthy. He's not a social misfit, and he's not twisted emotionally. On the contrary, he seems to get along better in these respects than other children his age.

And furthermore, as he grows older, he isn't likely to lose his mental abilities, to go mad, or to be unable to support himself. Instead, he'll probably get an excellent job, marry, raise bright children, and be able to eat well all of his life. Most gifted children start out ahead of their average friends; and with proper care they maintain their lead throughout their lives.

Any adult who has worked or lived with bright and talented children realizes that, even with their superior endowments, gifted youngsters seldom find life a bed of roses. They face almost all the problems that other youngsters face in growing up; in addition, they are confronted with special difficulties the average child never meets.

If the gifted are not to become distorted, one-sided personalities, it is important that we remember they are much like other children with the same needs to act like children and to be cared for and loved just because they are themselves and not because they can *do* certain things very well.

It is important for parents to understand that their gifted child may not be growing up as rapidly emotionally and socially as he is intellectually. Knowing this, they can give him greater security and richer opportunities for social experience. Harmonious development of all his characteristics will become their goal. The reward for such diligence will be an all-around superior youngster who grows into an all-around superior adult. ♦

FAMOUS FIRSTS

FIRST U.S. ACADEMY

Benjamin Franklin founded the "Academy and College of Philadelphia," Nov. 13, 1749, and became its first president. This academy later was merged with the University of Pennsylvania.

FIRST 5-CENT STORE

Frank Winfield Woolworth's shop at Utica, N.Y., opened Feb. 22, 1879, proved unsuccessful. His next venture, established in Lancaster, Pa., in June 1879, succeeded. Woolworth Brothers' "GREAT 5-CENT STORE" opened at Harrisburg, Pa., and grew into the present mammoth organization.

FIRST BOOK COPYRIGHTED

John Barry registered *The Philadelphia Spelling Book*, in Pennsylvania, June 9, 1790, and it was printed at Philadelphia in the same year.

FIRST BEST SELLER

Rev. Charles Monroe Sheldon's *In His Steps*, published in 1899, was an account of a world civilization founded on the teachings of Christ. Sales were estimated at 8,000,000 copies.

FIRST REVOLT AGAINST U.S. GOVERNMENT

Daniel Shays led a rebellion against the Federal government. The movement arose out of discontent over a slump in the value of paper money. The rebels seized Worcester, Mass., Dec. 5, 1786, held it briefly. The revolt petered out.

FIRST MAIL ORDER HOUSE

Aaron Montgomery Ward in 1872, with $2,400, began trading at 825 N. Clark St., Chicago, with a one-sheet price list. His first illustrated catalogs sold for 15¢ each, and the first free catalogs, weighing over four pounds each, were distributed to 3,000,000 persons in 1904.

FIRST CENSUS ACT

Legislation of Mar. 1, 1790, authorized the first enumeration of U.S. population at a cost of $44,377. The census revealed a population in 16 states and the Ohio territory of 3,939,326 as of Aug. 1, 1790.

FIRST CAPITOL BUILDING

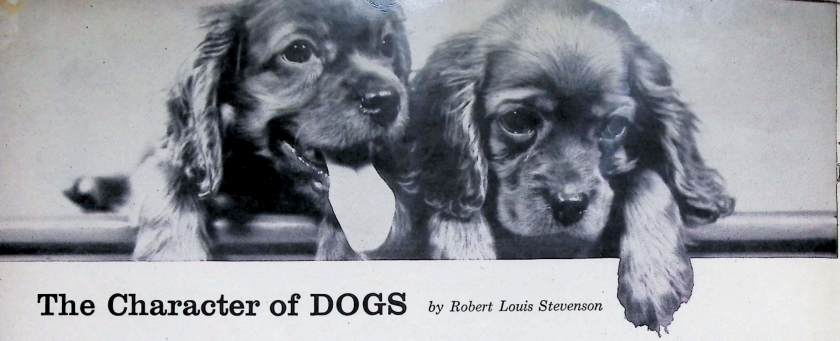
Dr. William Thornton's design for the U.S. capitol was accepted in a national contest, and the cornerstone was laid in Washington, D.C., Sept. 18, 1793. George Washington delivered the dedication speech.

FIRST PRESIDENT BORN U.S. CITIZEN

Martin Van Buren, eighth President of the U.S. (1837-1841), was born in Kinderhook, N.Y., Dec. 5, 1782. His predecessors were born in America before the colonies became the United States.

FIRST AMERICAN TO WED KING

Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson of Baltimore, Md., married Edward VIII at Monts, France, June 3, 1937. Edward abdicated Dec. 11, 1936, without having been crowned.



The Character of DOGS

by Robert Louis Stevenson

The leading distinction between dog and man, after and perhaps before the different duration of their lives, is that the one can speak and that the other cannot. The absence of the power of speech confines the dog in the development of his intellect. It hinders him from many speculations, for words are the beginning of metaphysic. At the same blow it saves him from many superstitions, and his silence has won for him a higher name for virtue than his conduct justifies.

The faults of the dog are many. He is vainer than man, singularly greedy of notice, singularly intolerant of ridicule, supicious like the deaf, jealous to the degree of frenzy, and radically devoid of truth. The day of an intelligent small dog is passed in the manufacture and the laborious communication of falsehood; he lies with his tail, he lies with his eye, he lies with his protesting paw; and when he rattles his dish or scratches at the door his purpose is other than appears.

But he has some apology to offer for the vice. Many of the signs which form his dialect have come to bear an arbitrary meaning, clearly understood both by his master and himself. Yet when a new want arises he must either invent a new vehicle of meaning or wrest an old one to a different purpose, and this necessity frequently recurring must tend to lessen his idea of the sanctity of symbols.

Meanwhile the dog is clear in his own conscience and draws with a human nicety the distinction between formal and essential truth. Of his punning perversions, his legitimate dexterity with symbols, he is even vain. But when he has told and been detected in a lie, there is not a hair upon his body but confesses guilt.

To a dog of gentlemanly feeling, theft and falsehood are disgraceful vices. He is never more than half ashamed of having barked or bitten; and for those faults into which he has been led by the desire to shine before a lady of his race, he retains, even under physical correction, a share of pride. But to be caught lying, if he understands it, instantly uncurls his fleece.

Just as among dull observers he preserves a name for truth, the dog has been credited with modesty. It is amazing how the use of language blunts the facilities of man—that because vainglory finds no vent in words, creatures supplied with eyes have been unable to detect a fault so gross and obvious.

If a small spoiled dog were suddenly to be endowed with speech, he would prate interminably, and still about himself. When we had friends, we should be forced to lock him in a garret, and what with his whining jealousies and his foible for falsehood, in a year's time he would have gone far to weary out our love.

It is just this rage for consideration that has betrayed the dog into his satellite position as the friend of man. The cat, an animal of franker appetites, preserves his independence. But the dog, with one eye ever on the audience, has been wheedled into slavery, and praised and patted into the renunciation of his nature. Once he ceased hunting and became man's plate-licker, the Rubicon was crossed. Thenceforth he was a gentleman of leisure, and except the few whom we keep working, the whole race grew more and more self-conscious, mannered, and affected.

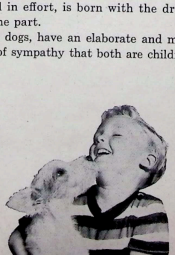
The number of things that a small dog does naturally is strangely small. Enjoying better spirits and not crushed under material cares, he is far more theatrical than average man. His whole life, if he be a dog of any pretension to gallantry, is spent in a vain show, and in the hot pursuit of admiration.

Take out your puppy for a walk, and you will find the little ball of fur clumsy, stupid, bewildered, but natural. Let but a few months pass, and when you repeat the process you will find nature buried in convention. He will do nothing plainly, but the simplest processes of our material life will all be bent into the forms of an elaborate and mysterious etiquette. Instinct, says the fool, has awakened. But it is not so.

Some dogs—some, at the very least—if they be kept separate from others, remain quite natural—and these, when at length they meet with a companion of experience and have the game explained to them, distinguish themselves by the severity of their devotion to its rules.

To follow for ten minutes in the street some swaggering, canine cavalier, is to receive a lesson in dramatic art and the cultured conduct of the body—in every act and gesture you see him true to a refined conception, and the dullest cur beholding him pricks up his ear and proceeds to imitate and parody that charming ease. For to be a high-mannered and high-minded gentleman, careless, affable, and gay, is the inborn pretension of the dog. The large dog, so much lazier, so much more weighed upon with matter, so majestic in repose, so beautiful in effort, is born with the dramatic means to wholly represent the part.

Men, like dogs, have an elaborate and mysterious etiquette. It is their bond of sympathy that both are children of convention. ♦



(continued from page 61)

G.B.S.—Professional Genius

was that men who are to be taken seriously must be dreary sobersides incapable of smiling. They found it easier to pigeonhole him as a humorist when he pleased them and as a buffoon when he shocked them. Shaw was well aware of the dangers he invited by laughing.

"I have got the tragedian and I have got the clown in me," he once confessed, "and the clown trips me up in the most dreadful way." He explained this by saying that, like his father before him, he was in the grip of a humorous sense of anticlimax.

Shaw was the best, the sprightliest, the most deathless critic ever to have reviewed plays. He was no less lively on the subjects of painting and music. As *Pen Portraits and Reviews* makes blindingly clear, he was a journalist with Promethean powers of firing a reader's interest.

Certainly *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*, printed when Shaw was seventy-two, is one of the finest examples of expository writing on the subject of politics and economics known to any library. Then, of course, there are the plays—and the prefaces. Some of the plays are trifles. Others are dated. No one can say with any certainty which ones will speak most directly to unborn generations. But I, at least, would have only pity for a world which could not be touched by *Candida*, melted by *Androcles and the Lion*, amused by *Man and Superman* (including its scintillating interlude in Hell), quickened by *Caesar and Cleopatra*, and stirred by *Saint Joan*. Better than Shakespeare Shaw may not have been; different he palpably was. Yet that his was the most fecund genius to have turned to the theatre since Shakespeare's time, seems safe from challenge.

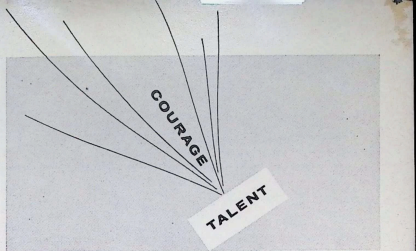
Shaw explained that he wrote prefaces, "because I *can*." I must insist, that Shaw's prefaces are in a class of their own. They are sizable additions to the gaiety of nations and the joys of reading. If they tire, it is only because in them Shaw gives us no rest from his own untiring brilliance.

Shaw was an author who, as a boy, had been brought up in a musical household. This training was not wasted on him. His prose has the dancing lightness and the shining precision of Mozart. It is also capable of deeper Wagnerian sonorities. He could rise to passages of great melodic beauty. His plays are studded with speeches quivering with a prophet's fervor and with sentences which literally sing themselves.

In spite of the multiplicity of his interests and his talents, the often ignored source of Shaw's greatness lay in the dimensions of his spirit. As surely as there was nothing little about his thinking, there was nothing little about his feeling. He never waged war on individuals; he waged war on the ideas for which they stood. His gift for forgiveness was even greater than his need at times to be forgiven. He was essentially good, kindly, clean, and gentle. His spiritual largeness explains why he, the supposed clown and acknowledged wit, was able to understand the dilemmas of such a man of action as Caesar, and to write in *Androcles and the Lion* and *Saint Joan* two of the most beautiful religious plays to have come out of the modern theatre.

Although Shaw, the iconoclast, saw through men and institutions, he never lost his hope for what men might become if only they resolved to live up to their potentialities and outgrow their present limitations. The Life-Force, about which he wrote, was a potent factor in his own living. His plea was for progress. He loathed the shirkers, the loafers, the talent-squanderers, and time-wasters.

It is something to have lived on this planet as the contemporary of such a titan as George Bernard Shaw. Although he was mortal enough to die, we have not lost him. Of him it can be truly said, as he said of William Morris, "You can lose a man like that by your own death, but not by his." ♦



by Sydney Smith

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame.

The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.

It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for 150 years and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits and doubts and hesitates, consults his brother, his uncle, his first cousins and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is 65 years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice.

There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present. The opportunity so easily slips away. The very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation. ♦

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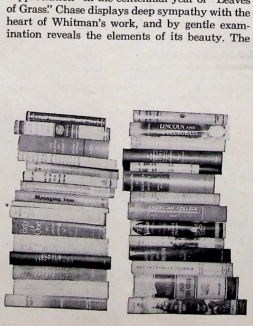

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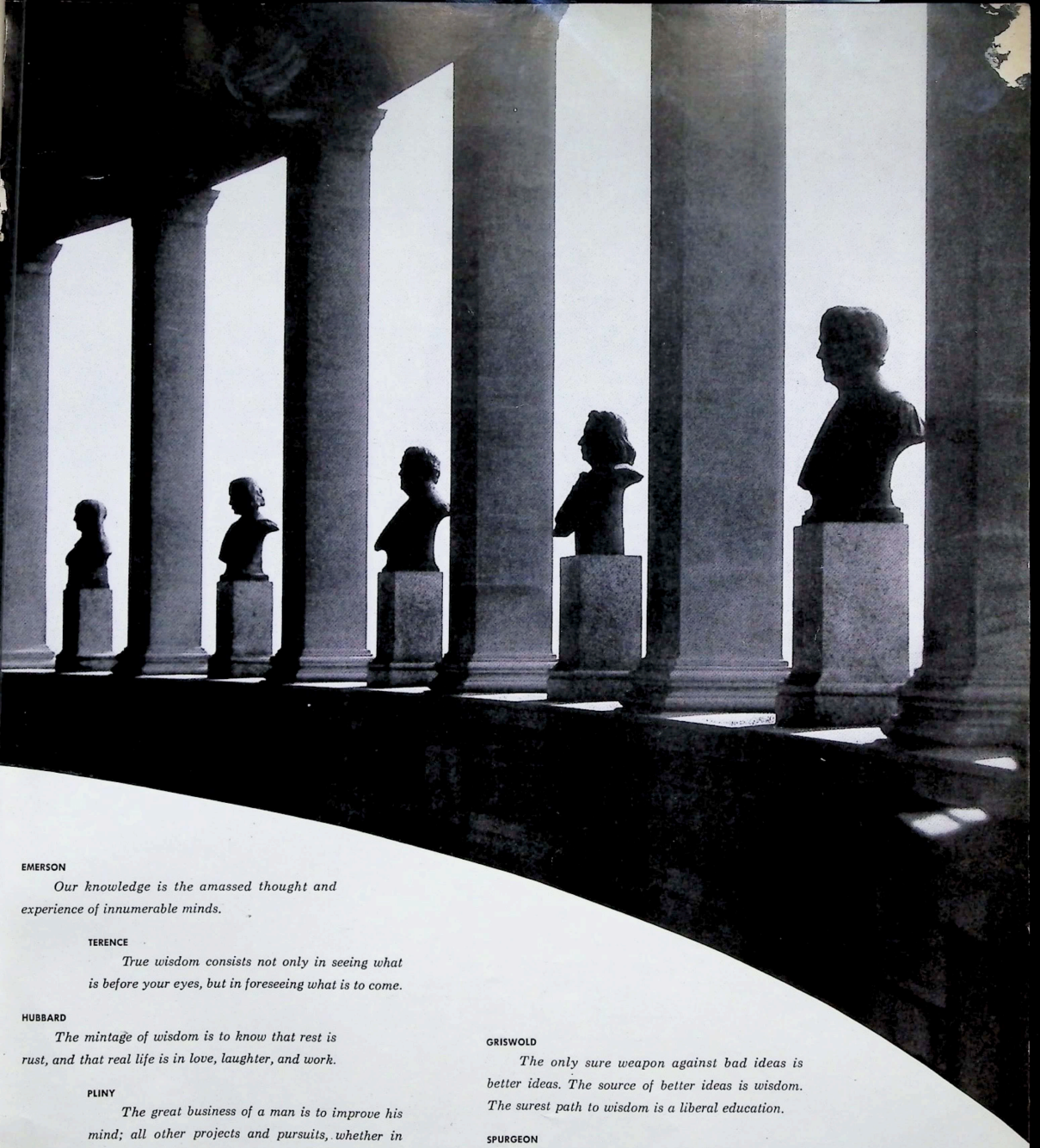

EMERSON

Our knowledge is the amassed thought and experience of innumerable minds.

TERENCE

True wisdom consists not only in seeing what is before your eyes, but in foreseeing what is to come.

HUBBARD

The mintage of wisdom is to know that rest is rust, and that real life is in love, laughter, and work.

PLINY

The great business of a man is to improve his mind; all other projects and pursuits, whether in our power to compass or not, are only amusements.

GRISWOLD

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